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No. 729.—VOL. XXVIII.

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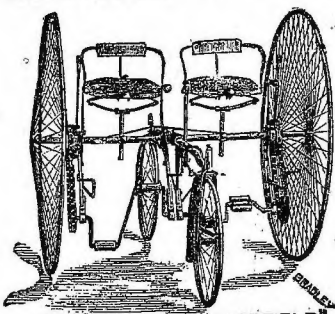
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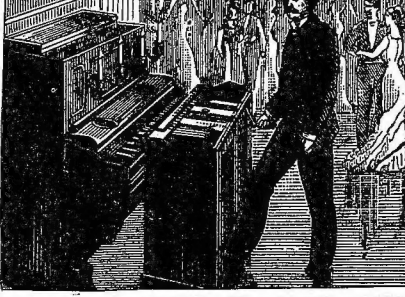
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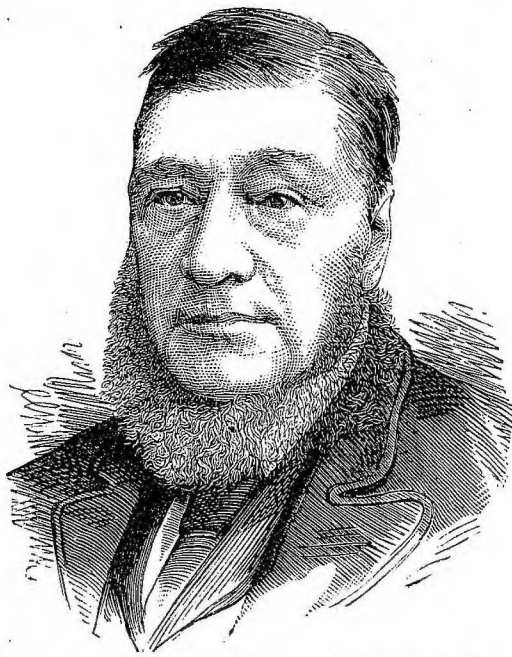
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THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL—RECEPTION OF GUESTS BY THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS IN THE LIBRARY

Topics of the Week

THE LUTHER COMMEMORATION IN ENGLAND.—Last week there was some reason to fear that the Luther Commemoration in England would be made an occasion for violent attacks on the Roman Catholic Church. Nothing of the kind has happened. At all the great meetings the leading speakers, while setting forth the nature of the task accomplished by Luther, refrained from saying anything that could give unnecessary offence to Roman Catholics. A sharp distinction was tacitly drawn between the Church of Rome as it was in Luther's time and as it is now; and this was really to do honour to the Reformer, for very much of the change which has passed over the spirit of "Romanism" is due to him and to those who have developed and applied his ideas. The Commemoration has been in every respect a remarkable success; and it has probably produced more than a merely passing impression. Many of those who attended the meetings must have resolved to make themselves more intimately acquainted with one of the most momentous and interesting periods in the history of the world; and it has been good even for sound Protestants to be reminded of the vital principle of the Reformation—that every man has a right to form his own conclusions about religion, no matter how far they may differ from received opinions. After all, we are far from having arrived even yet at the ideal time of perfect toleration. We no longer burn people for differing from us; but there are many ways in which life may still be made unpleasant for those who venture to think for themselves. The Luther Commemoration has forced upon the attention of all men the fact that we can have a perfect guarantee for progress only by permitting the freest possible scope to the exercise of individual judgment.

ANNEXATION IN THE PACIFIC.—Mr. Wilfred Powell's address on this subject, delivered on Tuesday evening before the members of the Royal Colonial Institute, was listened to by a numerous and influential audience. If there were present any persons who up to that time had believed that, in her recent bold attempt to annex New Guinea, Queensland was actuated by a mere spirit of "earth-hunger," it is to be hoped that their minds were disabused by the strong facts placed before them by Mr. Powell. If it were a mere question of earth-hunger, the Queenslanders might reasonably be advised to cultivate and populate their own enormous territory before coveting neighbouring islands. But it is not on these grounds that annexation is demanded. It is demanded for two reasons, of far greater urgency. These may be briefly described as the Labour Question and the Convict Question. So long as the numerous islands scattered over the Pacific Ocean are inhabited by savage or semi-savage tribes, without any government such as the civilised world outside can recognise, "blackbirding," i.e., the kidnapping of natives for labour purposes, will continue. Queensland has long since purged herself from this offence by the enactment of stringent and humane regulations for the employment of coloured labourers; but there are other communities acknowledging no fealty to our Sovereign who are not so scrupulous, and who wink at the importation of Kanakas, who are professedly labourers, but who are in reality the most hopeless of slaves. Not a few such cargoes have been landed on the guano islands of South America, there to toil and perish miserably. If the civilised world could collectively and also effectively take these islanders under their international protection it would be the best arrangement of all, as no jealousy would be aroused. But it is very doubtful whether such an agreement is feasible; and if so, it seems the most natural arrangement that the British Crown, which has far and away the greatest stake in these regions, should exercise such jurisdiction, at least in the islands adjacent to Australasia. Our colonial system is so liberal, we admit with such entire disregard of race or creed every law-abiding person to the privileges of citizenship, that most of the leading Powers—we may especially cite the Germans and Americans—would make no objection to such a Protectorate, provided it were exercised solely for the benefit of the native races. The attitude of France might be less favourable, and this brings us to the Convict Question, which must be discussed in a separate article.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD ON NUMBERS.—It is refreshing to hear Mr. Matthew Arnold discoursing to American audiences on the foolishness of Democracy. When Rostopchin was Governor of Paris in 1815 he was told that he was becoming popular. "*Mon Dieu! Quelle bêtise ai-je pu commettre?*" he answered. This Russian and Mr. Arnold would have got on well together; unfortunately for Mr. Arnold's plea in favour of cultured minorities—or remnants as he calls them—we cannot forget that educated minorities have been the chief fomenters of conceit and folly among the masses. It is from the refined sophists of our universities and political clubs that we have heard all those grand doctrines about the infallibility of numbers. The people could never have made out such a good case for themselves as their electioneering flatterers have urged for them. Comte, in writing about the tendencies to self-abasement in human nature, took his illustrations from the ways of courtiers, "Over whom," he said, "the majesty of a small man

clothed with power exercised a positive physical fascination." But it is much the same with demagogues who are mob-courtiers, and strike ecstatic attitudes in presence of vast crowds whom they have collected for any noisy or destructive purpose. Macaulay was once visiting a Birmingham factory where pinchbeck jewellery was made, and he stood in admiration before a monster pile of cheap gilt rings. The glitter was splendid, "but it is just like Universal Suffrage," remarked the historian after a moment's reflection; and taking up one of the rings, he said, "See what a poor thing it is by itself; but a hundred thousand of these make an imposing show, though all together they are not worth an ounce of pure gold." It is curious to note in this connexion what different names are given to crowds by democratic writers according as these crowds display their strength on the Conservative or on the Liberal side. When a Democrat gets popular applause we hear that the voice of an earnest and resolute people has affirmed itself; when this same gentleman gets hooted we are told that an ignorant rabble was abroad. These inconsistencies were prettily brought out by M. Sardou in his *Rabagas*. A friend rushes in to tell Rabagas that a crowd is clamouring for him downstairs. "*Brave peuple!*" exclaims the great politician. "But they want you to give your resignation." "*Canaille, va!*" is the indignant answer.

CHANGES IN THE ILBERT BILL.—In his speech at the Anchor Banquet in Bristol the other evening, Lord Northbrook defended energetically the principle of the Ilbert Bill; and, unlike most previous speakers on the subject, he tried to make his position good by solid argument rather than by an appeal to sentiment. He laid insufficient stress, however, on the fact that the Bill, in its original form, has been vehemently condemned by the non-official English community in India, and by the vast majority of the officials who were invited to express an opinion as to its expediency. This is the fact which, more than all other facts, has influenced the judgment of Englishmen at home; for it has been thought, naturally and properly, that the worth of the measure can be estimated fairly only by those who have the means of studying in India the habits and modes of thought of the native population. The Bill is not to be withdrawn; but Lord Northbrook announced certain changes which are to be made in it, and these changes are so great that they must be regarded as an admission that the introduction of the scheme was a mistake. Jurisdiction over Englishmen is to be granted only to District Magistrates and Sessions Judges—a very select class, which is gradually diminishing because few natives care to fulfil the conditions necessary for entrance into this particular branch of the covenanted Civil Service. Moreover, Englishmen condemned by District Magistrates and Sessions Judges will have the right of appeal to the Sessions Court, where one-half of the jury must be composed of Englishmen; and from the Sessions Court a case may be carried to the High Court. Little harm can result from such an arrangement as this; but was it worth while to create so much excitement and ill-feeling to secure so very small a reform? Lord Ripon himself must now see that he acted hastily and injudiciously in submitting a proposal which public opinion has compelled him virtually to abandon. That his motives were good need not be disputed; but his ill-considered policy has stirred up an amount of race-antagonism which can be allayed only by the utmost prudence on the part of all who are either directly or indirectly responsible for the methods of Indian administration.

IRELAND.—Ireland in these days means the Irish people, who are numerously represented in all the English-speaking countries of the world, as well as in their own island. Just now the island is tolerably tranquil, that is to say, there is a comparative cessation of the murders and outrages which have disgraced the last few years. Mr. Gladstone, of course, would like his countrymen to believe that this tranquillity is genuine, and is due to the extreme satisfaction afforded by his Land Act. Less sanguine persons hold that the outward calm of late prevailing is much more due to the Crimes Act. Meanwhile, the ill-feeling provoked by the Parnellite invasion of Ulster threatens renewal in Fermanagh, although the Orangemen have loyally accepted the Government prohibition of these partisan gatherings; while the studied violence of the speeches of Messrs. Healy and Harrington, in view of the Limerick election, shows that these gentlemen regard the Land Act as a very small instalment of the boons which they yet hope to extract from our squeezable Premier. The revelations made at the trial of Poole for the murder of Kenny may, it is to be hoped, cause some would-be patriots to pause before joining secret societies. A member of one of these bodies may easily be called upon to assassinate some one else, or run the risk of being himself murdered. Can the jury be blamed for disagreeing? The memory of the Field outrage is fresh. It would be better for the interests of justice if such crimes as these were tried before a special tribunal. With regard to the "confidential" emigration circular of the Government, which has aroused a good deal of (probably simulated) wrath in certain circles, one cannot help being amused with the Archbishop of Tuam's gloomy views of emigration. He talks of "our people being induced by largesses and blandishments to abandon the land of their affections to perish amid the snows of Canada." His Grace speaks of the Irish as if they were as unable to

stand cold as Bengalees. How many of the hundreds of thousands of Irish who have crossed the Atlantic during the last thirty-five years have perished amid the snows of the New World? And most of them had to shift for themselves, whereas our Government will find homes for the present emigrants. It is sheer cruelty to keep men on barren mountain sides, where the most strenuous toil (even if the ground were rent free) will not ensure a bare livelihood; when within a few days' journey there is a country where labourers are in brisk demand.

MOODY AND SANKEY.—The sight of the vast hall in Islington which is nightly crowded by congregations of five thousand persons is one that must leave a deep impression on any one who feels for the efforts which good men are making to moralise the masses in our large cities. No collections are made at these Islington meetings, and no hymn-books, or other books, are sold, so that no suspicion whatever of pecuniary speculation can attach to the promoters. Messrs. Moody and Sankey are missionaries, purely and simply, as they profess to be; and when we consider that their services are not likely to do harm—though persons of hysterical temperament have been unfavourably affected even by their methods—that they may benefit many, and that they must necessarily be of advantage to a few, we have reduced the value of their work to a formula which is unanswerable. It may be questioned, however, whether the American Revivalists succeed in attracting the class of people whom they desire most to win over. They make appeals to vagabonds, outcasts, drunkards, and habitual criminals; and their call is generally answered by people of respectable appearance—small tradesmen, clerks, shop-girls, and servants. However, good influences diffused through one class are sure to filter through unseen ways into the classes lower down, so that the Missionaries may often do much even while they are lamenting that they have not achieved all that they tried to accomplish. The clergy of various denominations in the North of London have been almost unanimous in the hearty assistance they have given to Messrs. Moody and Sankey in a work which the Bishop of Rochester lately commended in such warm terms to the support of Churchmen. Indeed, it is not the least among the good offices performed by well-conducted Missions that by bringing clergymen of all sects together they help much to allay religious differences.

GERMANY AND SPAIN.—Some Spanish politicians, commenting on the approaching visit of the German Crown Prince to King Alfonso, have strongly condemned the proposal that a treaty of alliance should be concluded between Germany and Spain. There is, of course, no reason to suppose that any such proposal has been made, or will be made, by the German Government. It is generally understood that the Crown Prince goes to Madrid merely to strengthen the friendly feelings of the two countries; and there can be little doubt that in this object he will succeed, notwithstanding the opposition of the Republican party. Spain has not forgotten, and is not likely to forget, the insults with which King Alfonso was received in the streets of Paris; but, even apart from this demonstration, the tendency of events is favourable to the wishes of Germany. For if the war of revenge were to come off, and France were to be victorious, the result would be anything but satisfactory to the majority of the Spanish people. France would then take the lead in Europe; and experience does not justify the belief that she would do so in a reasonable and moderate spirit. With all their good qualities Frenchmen cannot resist the temptation, when they are powerful, to treat their neighbours arrogantly; and it is certain that, if they had the chance, they would carry on an active propaganda for the diffusion of their own political ideas. Spain would, therefore, enter upon a period of excitement and disturbance; and the triumph of the revolutionists would practically mean the effacement of the country as an independent Power. As long as the first place belongs to Germany the Spaniards need not fear interference of this kind; and so they have the opportunity of settling their difficulties in the manner that is best adapted to their national peculiarities. All this they understand perfectly; and it will be brought very vividly before them by the Crown Prince's visit.

THE TRANSVAAL DELEGATES.—What they really want to get from our Government is virtual independence—such independence as they enjoyed between the period of the Sand River Convention of 1852 and the annexation of 1877. To a certain shadowy suzerainty, such, perhaps, as that which Turkey exercises over Egypt, barring the tribute, they do not object; indeed, it may help Messrs. Krüger and Smit to float a loan on more favourable terms; but in all other respects these dogged Boers want to be let alone to do what they please. Of the three main subjects under discussion between our Government and the delegates, only one is of real importance. It is alleged by the latter that during the annexation period the country was governed in a much more expensive method than is consistent with the frugal Boer mind, and, they ask to be forgiven the debt thus incurred. Well, this is but a small matter, and the proposed revival of the name, "South African Republic," is also a small matter. Theoretically, of course, it is absurd that a Republic should in any way do homage to a Monarchy, but it is no more absurd than that a magazine should call itself

the *Fortnightly*, and only appear once a month. The magazine has survived for a good many years under a name that savours of Irish bullism, and so may the Transvaal. The third demand is of a far more serious character. Strictly, it refers to the demarcation of the Western limits of the Transvaal, but in reality it raises the important question—What are to be the future relations between the Boers of the Transvaal and the native tribes by whom they are surrounded? Never let us forget that the Boer is a cultivator of the land in but a small degree; his speciality is flocks and herds, and, in an arid region, he is always on the look-out for fresh pasturage. He is thus perpetually being tempted to encroach, and if we leave him to his own devices he will gradually "eat up" the surrounding tribes (who are cultivators, and not mere savages, like Australian blackfellows), and make slaves of them. We will not here refer to the past mismanagement of the Transvaal business; the mere recollection of it fills us with bitterness and indignation. Let us at least hope that our Ministry, whatever else they may yield, will refuse permission to the Boers to encroach upon and quarrel with the surrounding tribes. A small well-managed constabulary force posted in each of these frontier districts would suffice to keep the peace.

ENCROACHMENTS ON THE THAMES.—"He was a man of holy aims, Who loved sweet Nature and his darling Thames," wrote Thomas Ridley of Sir Henry Wotton. There are several ways of loving the Thames, and that which manifests itself by enclosing tow-paths, shutting up backwaters, appropriating rights of fishery, and keeping the public in other ways from the enjoyment of the river, may at least be called a jealous love. The great Mr. Vanderbilt, on being urged to consider the public interest in a matter where it clashed with his own, said finely that the public might be hanged; but, before resigning itself to such a fate, the public may be allowed to ask whether the sentence of plutocrats is without appeal, and we are glad, therefore, to see that the Society for the Preservation of Open Spaces is bestirring itself to check some of our English Vanderbilts, whose ideas about *meum* and *vostrum* are too seigniorial. It is surprising that the Thames Conservancy should have decided that its business must be confined to keeping a water-way clear for traffic; but, since there is no official body to protect the towing-paths and backwaters, the public should at once and emphatically move Parliament to action in the matter. Perhaps if the Statute Book were carefully examined, an existing Act might be discovered to meet the case. We know the story of that ingenious young gentleman in George III.'s reign, who, being dunned by his tailor, sued that tradesman for having put French buttons with metal shanks, instead of bone ones, on to his coat. An Act had been passed in Queen Anne's reign to prohibit the importation of certain French goods, buttons among them, and, as the statute was unrepealed, the tailor's customer recovered penalties. But if the law as it stands provides no remedy for the grievance of persons who suffer in their occupations or pleasures by the encroachments of selfish landowners on the Thames, an Act will certainly have to be passed, soon or late, for the spirit of encroachment is contagious, and appropriations may go much further than we at present expect, if they are not stopped soon. Maps of London in the last century show that public thoroughfares existed along the banks of the river on which warehouses and factories are now built to the water's edge. It is not to be supposed that a number of men conspired together to close these highways. One man commenced by encumbering the path with his merchandise, and the others followed suit. We must now deal with the cool hands who are leading off in a renewal of this old game.

BULGARIA.—In an interesting letter the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* brought together the other day the leading facts connected with the recent political changes in Bulgaria. According to his account, the Bulgarians owe the re-establishment of the Constitution chiefly to the resentment excited by the arbitrary and injudicious conduct of General Soboleff, who went to Sofia with the intention of pleasing everybody, and ended by pleasing nobody. He offended equally the Prince, the Liberals, and the Conservatives, all of whom resolved to get rid of him by abandoning the futile disputes which had rendered Russian domination inevitable. Russia, of course, still causes dread and anxiety, her representative at Sofia, M. Jonin, being truly described by the Vienna writer as "one of the most dangerous firebrands in the Russian diplomatic service." It is too much to hope, we suppose, that Russia will ever voluntarily consent to let the Bulgarians work out their political and social problems in their own way; and, while she intrigues, Austria feels compelled to follow her example. If these Powers could be induced to leave the Principality alone, it would soon be a prosperous and progressive State; for of all the races in South-Eastern Europe the Bulgarians seem to be the most vigorous. They have not the intellectual keenness of the Greeks, and they are less apt than purely Slavonic communities to be swept away by momentary enthusiasm; but they are hard-working, self-reliant, and intelligent; and already they have learnt the essential lesson that political stability is impossible without compromise. Such a people, as this, if they had a chance of doing justice to themselves, might not only establish a healthy State, but become a nucleus for the formation of a great Federal Union which would be strong enough to hold both Russia and Austria in

check. It is to the accomplishment of this most desirable end that English policy in these regions should be steadily directed.

FRENCH MALEFACTORS ABROAD.—If our statesmen in 1787 had possessed our present experience they would not have colonised Australia with criminals. Even when there are large unoccupied spaces available, transportation is a doubtful benefit, both for the mother country and the colony. Australia flourished, not because of the convicts, but because its intrinsic attractions, as soon as they became manifest, caused a stream of free immigrants to flow in. But this very prosperity strangled the transportation system. Neither free settlers nor emancipists wanted more rascals set down among them, and the writer of these lines vividly remembers the excitement attendant on the arrival of the last convict ship at Hobart Town. There was even wild talk of throwing the vile cargo overboard, as the Bostonians got rid of the obnoxious tea. Since then, as far as we are concerned, transportation has ceased; even the criminal dribbles into Swan River have been prohibited. But, just as we were making an end of transportation, the French began it, and began it under every disadvantage. Instead of a vacant continent, their Rogues' Colonial Reformatory was an island of some 6,000 square miles, half of which area is barren and mountainous. Even if every French convict proved a model agriculturist, New Caledonia would soon be filled up at the rate (5,000 a year) the Government are pouring in criminals. But the truth is that not one out of a hundred of these ticket-of-leave men becomes a land cultivator. His ambition is to escape, and, as the authorities wink at such endeavours, and as the gentle south-east trade wind easily carries a boat over to Queensland, the Queenslanders are bothered with the society of a good many of these escapees. But the French Government are planning a still more wholesale expatriation of rascaldom, and the Bill only awaits the consent of the Senate. It is actually proposed to deport multitudes of bad characters to the New Hebrides, and leave them there, unguarded and uncared for. We hope M. Waddington will tell his Government that, whatever Lord Derby may say or do, Australasia will never consent to the realisation of this monstrous scheme. If the French Government insist on carrying it out, Australasia will practically declare war against France. She will clear the convicts out of the New Hebrides, and, having gone so far, will no doubt also abolish the penal settlement in New Caledonia.

SIGNED ARTICLES.—George Eliot's letter on "Servants," which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the other day, was a rather laboured composition. It was contributed anonymously to the *Pall Mall* eighteen years ago, and our contemporary, in reprinting it, took occasion to rejoice that the practice of signing newspaper articles was becoming more common now than it was formerly. George Eliot's letter would probably not have been written at all if the author of "Adam Bede" had been required to put her name to it; but, speaking generally, does not the value of a signature depend entirely on the guarantee it affords of the writer's competency to treat this or that subject? The public willingly recognises the authority of specialists, but has small confidence in men who write opinions on a great variety of affairs; and the Press would lose much of its power, and all its dignity, if its articles were published not impersonally, but as the expressions of the views of individuals. The Act which MM. Tinguay and Laboulie passed in 1850 to make the signing of articles in French newspapers compulsory was designed to discredit the Press, and it had that effect. An article which is written for purposes of argument, and which is not a relation of facts requiring authentication, should be judged by its reasoning only; but when a signature is put to it, the reader who dislikes the arguments is pretty sure to join issue with the writer on personal grounds. Of late years the French Press has returned to the rule of anonymity, and the few journalists who still sign their articles rather damage than assist the causes they have in hand by so doing. M. John Lemoine is a case in point. He writes admirably; but, whenever he publishes an article, his political opponents are always ready with quotations from former articles in which he advocated contrary opinions. As every journalist knows, the work of newspapers can only be done well by practised journalists—that is, by men who have that facility for writing which is acquired by writing often, and on all kinds of subjects. But it would be very difficult for a man to acquire proper experience, and, what is more, nerve and moderation in writing, if his articles exposed him to incessant personalities. A journalist who was attacked by name every day would soon become too tame or too truculent.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE CULPRITS," from the picture by Otto Weber, exhibited in the Graphic Gallery of Animal Paintings.

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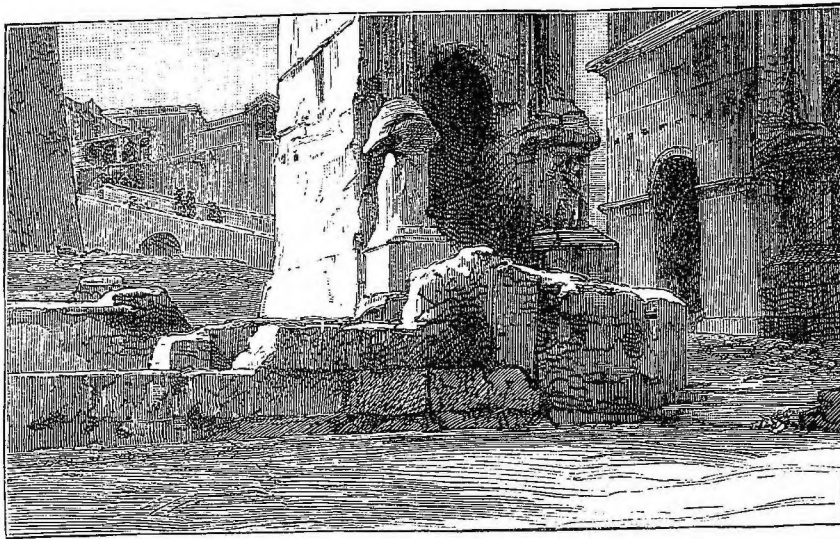
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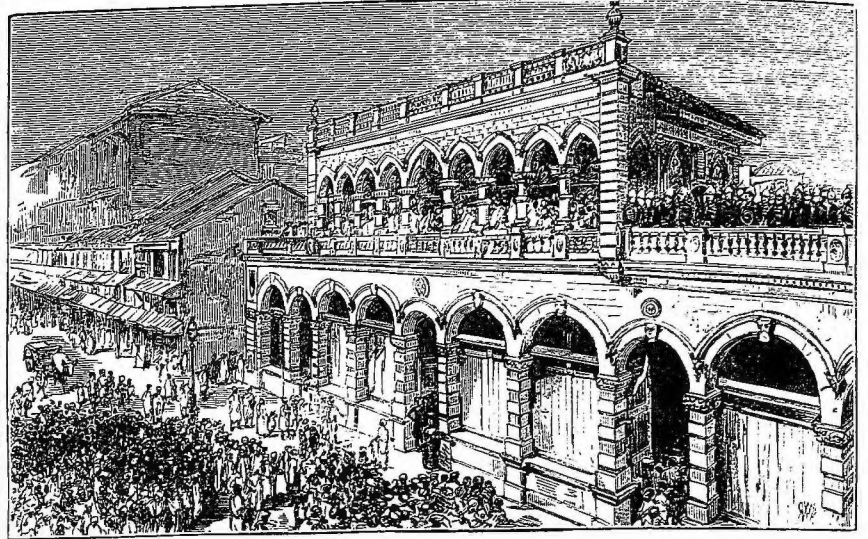
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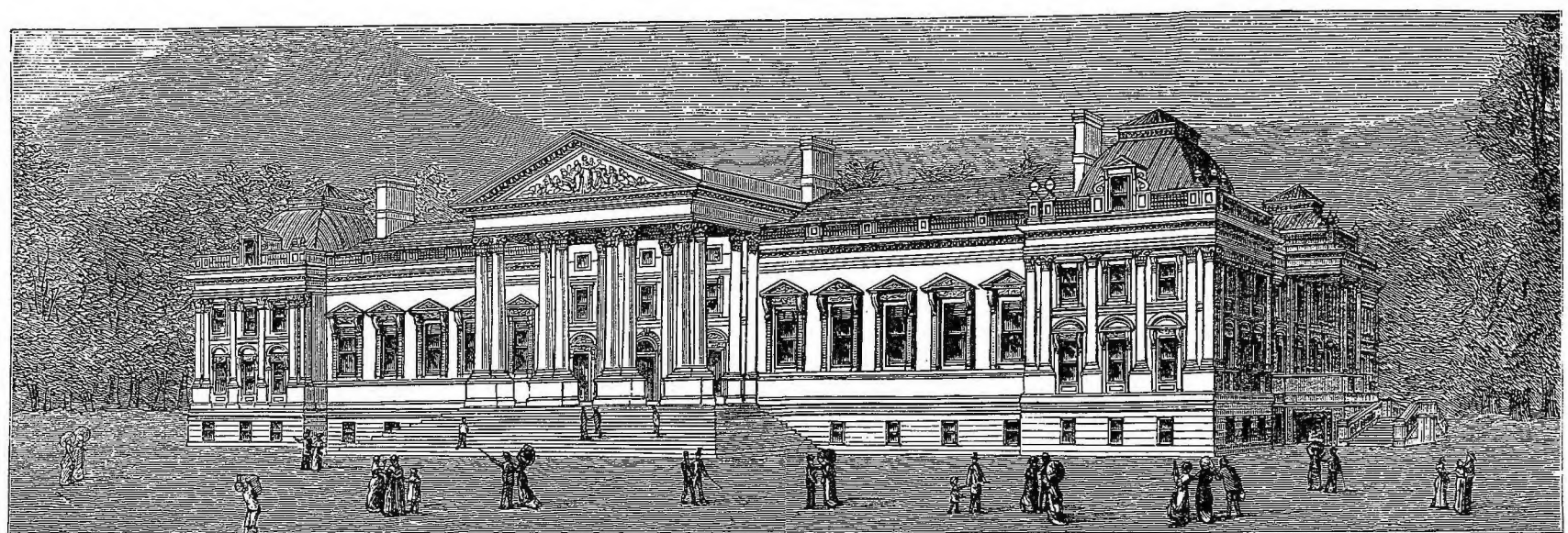
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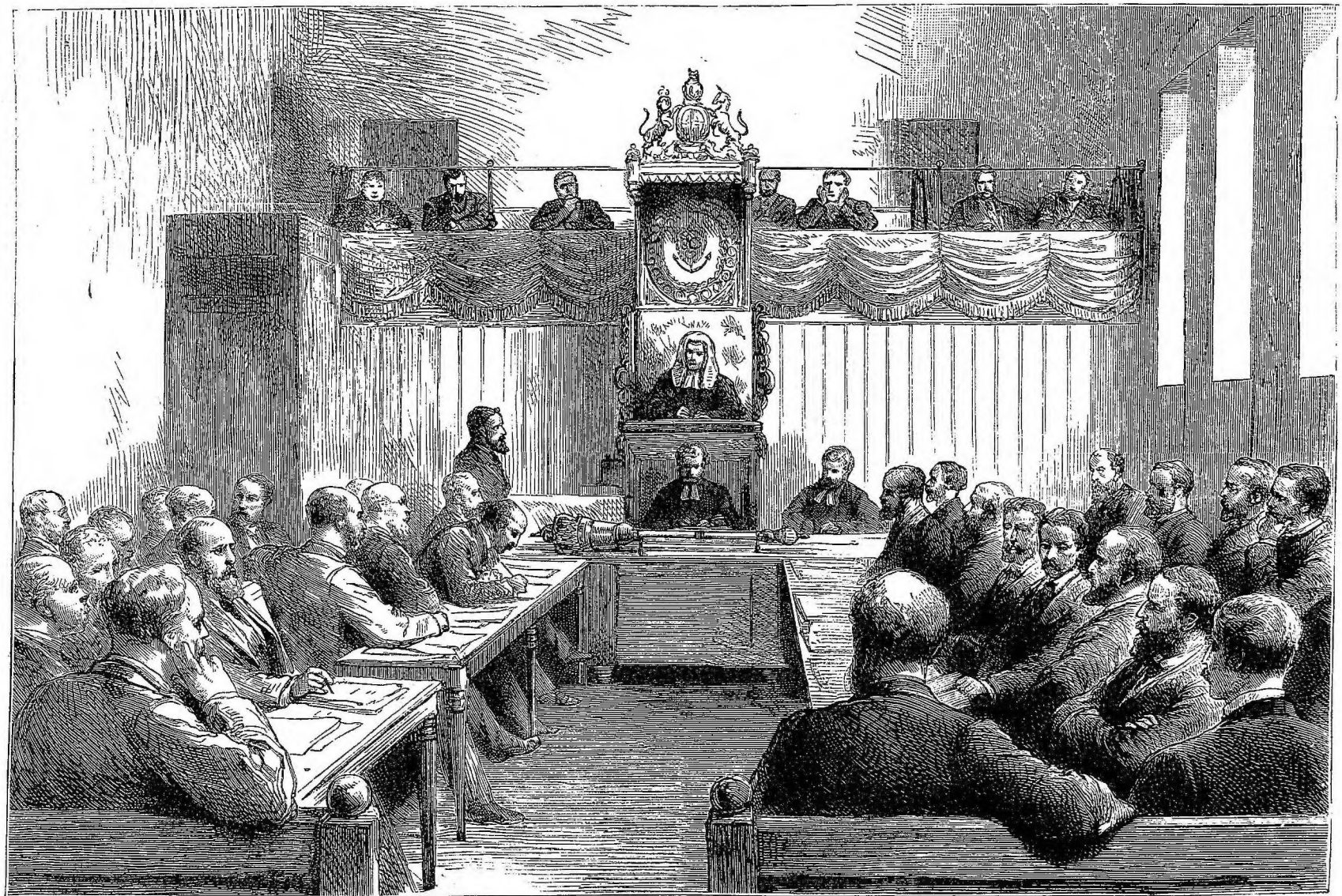
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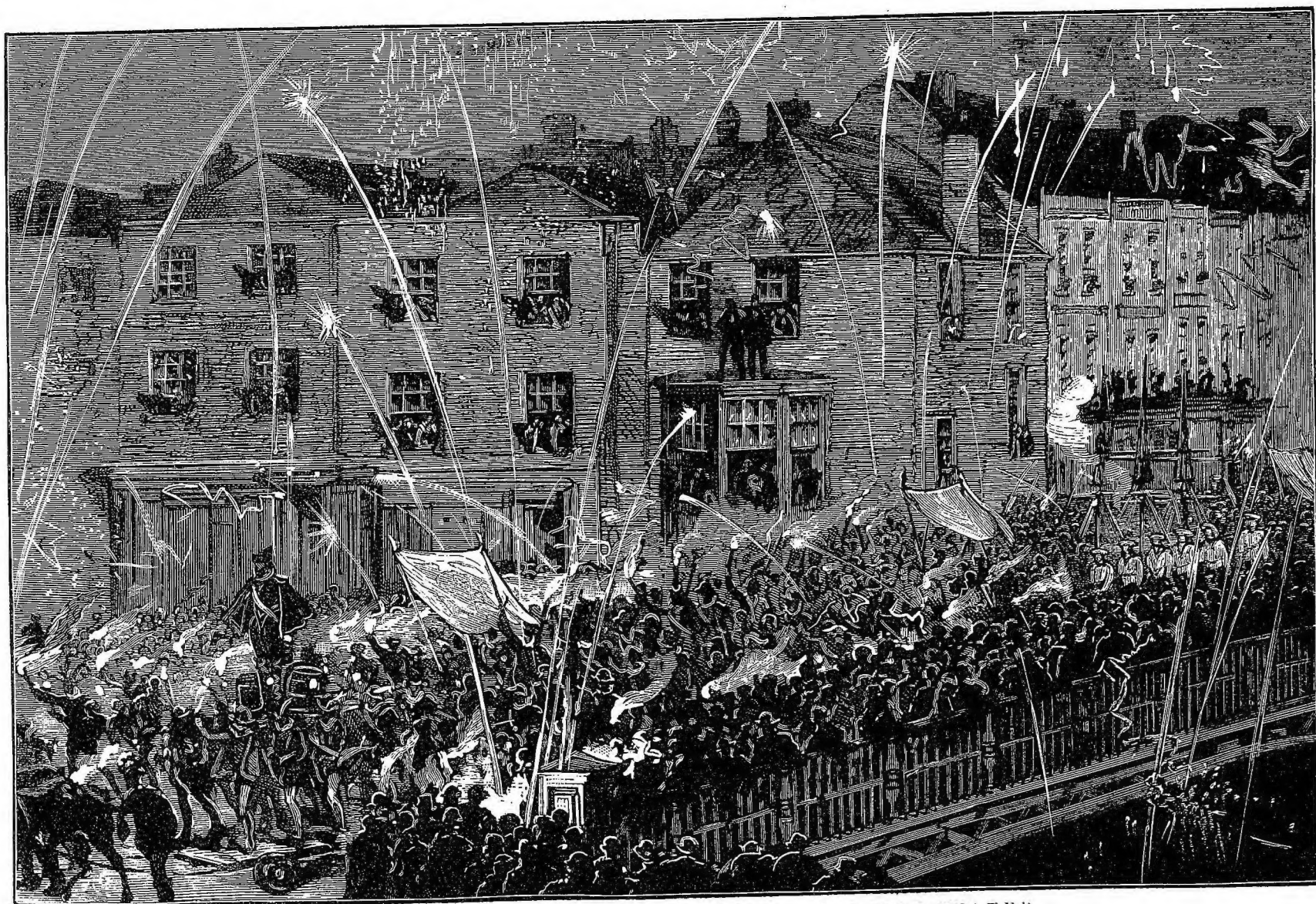
INTERIOR

THE NEW HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, CAPETOWN



1. Natives at Latzata Praying for Protection from the Earthquake.—2. A Group of Natives.—3. A Fisherman at Tchesmé.—4. A Ruined House in a Village near Tchesmé.

THE RECENT DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE IN ANATOLIA, ASIA MINOR



THE GUY FAWKES CELEBRATION AT BRIDGEWATER



THE TRANSVAAL DEPUTATION

AN important deputation from the Transvaal is now in England, negotiating with the Colonial Office for a revision of the Pretoria Convention, which was concluded in 1881 at the close of our campaign against the Boers. Apart from minor details, there are three main points to which the Delegates are most desirous of gaining the consent of the British Government. The first is essentially financial—namely, that the debt should be forgiven of 265,000*l.*, which the Boers agreed to pay the British Government as the cost of the administration between the date of the annexation and the reconstitution of the Boer Government. The second point may be termed sentimental—that the Boers should exchange the title of Transvaal State, by which their region is at present designated, for the more pretentious designation of South African Republic. The third request is territorial, and is by far the most important. The Boers complain that the present bounds of their State are too confined, and are anxious to extend their dominion westwards, and particularly in the direction of Bechuanaland, through which lies the principal trade route between our colonies and internal Africa. This last demand, as may be imagined, is warmly opposed by the Cape Colonists, and it is doubtless to place the other side of the question before Lord Derby that Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor of Cape Colony, and Mr. Scanlen, the Cape Premier, are now in England.

The three Transvaal Delegates, whose portraits we publish this week, are Mr. Stephanus Johannes Paulus Krüger, President of the Transvaal State; the Rev. Stephanus Jacobus Du Toit, the Superintendent-General of Education; and General Nicolaas Jacobus Smit. President Krüger, who is sixty years of age, like his colleagues was born in Cape Colony, whence, when ten years old, he "trekked" with his father and mother into the Orange Free State, thence to Natal, and finally to the Transvaal, where the family ultimately settled. At seventeen young Krüger was appointed Assistant Field Cornet, and at twenty became Commandant of a district. Thirteen years later he was created Commandant-General of the Transvaal, and under President Burgers became Vice-President, finally being elected President at this year's election. He has been twice previously in England on missions to the Colonial Office. Mr. Du Toit was born in 1847, and is a descendant of the old French refugees. He studied for the Church, and, taking Holy Orders, acted as minister of the Dutch Reformed Church in Cape Town, Wellington, Tulbagh, and Paarl. He has always belonged to the "National Party," and has taken a prominent part in promoting the welfare of the Dutch population, both as a speaker and writer; his works being especially popular. During the Transvaal difficulties he urgently pleaded the Boer cause in Cape Colony, endeavouring to persuade the Home Government to grant the Boers their demands by means of petitions. After the retrocession of the Transvaal, Mr. Du Toit was offered the Superintendentship of Education, and during the past two years has done much to forward the development of education, and has so completely won the confidence of the population that the Volksraad unanimously elected him one of the Delegates to the British Government.

General Smit was born in 1837, and the same year his father went to Natal, and eight years later settled in the Transvaal, first in the district of Rustenburg, and subsequently at Potchefstroom. Rising from the ranks until he became General, he thoroughly won the confidence of the people, and the late war brought prominently forward his great courage and able foresight. He is a member of the Volksraad, and was elected a member of the present deputation. The delegates are accompanied by Mr. Ewald Esselen, secretary, and Mr. Eloff, private secretary to President Krüger.

The portraits of Mr. Du Toit and General Smit are from a photograph by G. W. L. Mostert, Cape Town.

THE GUILDHALL BANQUET—THE LORD MAYOR RECEIVING THE GUESTS

SHORTLY after six o'clock on the 9th inst., as soon as the Lord Mayor's show had finished its peripatetic career, the guests who were bidden to the feast began to arrive. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, attended by the officers of the Corporation, entered the Guildhall Library, and took their seats on a dais at the western end of the apartment. Thither the more distinguished guests were conducted on their arrival, and several of them were very heartily received. Two of the most popular personages, judging by these demonstrations, were Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps and the Chinese Ambassador, Marquis Tseng, who appeared in native costume. The applause which greeted M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, was somewhat drowned by the fanfare of trumpets which heralded the approach of the First Minister of the Crown. Mr. Gladstone, as his wont at these gatherings, appeared in the handsome garb of an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. The speeches which followed the feast were in no ways remarkable. M. Waddington, who was most encouragingly received, spoke with fluency, and, as might have been expected from his English training, without a trace of foreign accent. Mr. Gladstone only made one noteworthy remark, namely, that we were really about to withdraw our troops from Egypt, and this remark was received with significant and chilling silence. The other speeches were of the usual rose-tinted after-dinner type. The Lord Mayor, by the way, quoted not only Latin, but Greek, and kindly translated the latter. This is an accomplishment of which few Lord Mayors were capable in the good old days; and if, as has been proposed, the Duke of Westminster should become the Lord Mayor of the Reformed Corporation, he could not show greater linguistic prowess.

EXCAVATIONS IN THE ROMAN FORUM

MANY interesting discoveries have recently been made during the excavations in the Roman Forum, and the unearthing of the Atrium Vestæ, to which we alluded last week, now forms the chief topic in archaeological circles. Previous to this, however, the construction of a new roadway exposed to view the ancient Roman *rostra*. "There it is," writes Miss Sharp, to whom we are indebted for the sketch, "realising in a marvellous way what our fancy may have pictured it. It is built of huge rough-hewn tufa blocks, the masonry of the period of the Kings. At intervals the front is scored by grooves cut in the stone, each pierced by two round holes, one above another, where, to commemorate the great naval struggle with Carthage, the Romans after every victory fastened the brazen beaks of the captured Carthaginian galleys to the front of the orators' platform in the Forum—thus giving its name of *Rostra*. Beneath this platform we may fancy the *plebs* standing with upturned faces on the very pavement which is now trodden by the English tourist. The idlers and crowd of sellers were kept aloof by a marble parapet which enclosed a space in front; two marble steps descend to it from the inclined road which passes by the side under the Arch of Septimius Severus. The space was manifestly much larger than that now seen, and possibly the two exquisitely-sculptured slabs which were found near the spot may have formed part of the parapet. By the side of the *Rostra* were pedestals supporting statues; the remains of two of different dates and of masonry may be seen. Busts, we know, as well as statues, adorned the platform itself; but

of these there is no trace. They have doubtless long ago been removed to one—who knows which?—of the modern Museums of Ancient Sculpture.

"The *Rostra*, as seen in our illustration, stands a little in front and on one side of the Arch of Septimius Severus. Immediately behind it is the *Milliarium Aureum*, the point from which all distances from Rome were measured. Behind, again, and now concealed by the new roadway, are the foundations of the Temple of Concord, backed by the lofty buttress wall of the Capitol; the roof of the Church of the Ara Coeli shows beyond."

NEW CLOTH MARKET AT BOMBAY

THIS new building has some architectural pretensions, and is prominently situated in the public road leading to the Marwarree Bazaar, the business centre in the Native Town of Bombay. It contains ninety-seven shops, including twelve in front in the main road, divided into half-a-dozen well-arranged rows, with an upper hall in front for holding meetings of the committee of cloth merchants, and for general purposes connected with the trade. In the rear and over the roofs of the shops is placed a large iron tank as a safeguard against fire. This, which is the third cloth market in the city, was opened on the 11th ult. with much ceremony, according to the formalities laid down in the Hindoo Shastras. It is called the Lakhmidas Khimjee Kapad Bazaar, in recognition of the valuable advice and assistance given by a gentleman of that name to the owner of the property.—Our engraving is from a photograph.

THE NEW CAPE TOWN HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY

THE Cape Colony is governed by a Royal representative, who is Governor and Commander-in-Chief; a Legislative Council of twenty-one members, presided over by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; and a House of Assembly of sixty-eight members. The members of both Houses are elected by popular votes, those of the Legislative Council half for ten and half for five years, and those of the House of Assembly for five years. The Ministry hold their offices, like the British Cabinet, at the pleasure of the Parliament. No Act can become law unless passed by both the Council and Assembly, and assented to by the Governor. The standing rules and orders adopted by both Houses of Parliament are substantially the same as those of the House of Commons.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Dennis Edwards, Hoff Street, Cape Town.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT TCHESMÉ

WE gave a brief account of this disaster last week, and now engrave some photographs and sketches received from two naval officers, one of whom writes:—"The fisherman was photographed at Tcheshmé, the other photographs were taken at Linda, a village about 3½ miles distant, and represent one of the houses and a group of natives. The whole of this village—which is celebrated for its hot springs—is ruined and deserted, and many others for a great distance are in the same condition, some villages not having a house standing. There have been few deaths, probably not more than fifty, as on the first occasion the shock occurred in the afternoon, when few people were in their houses. There are, however, many wounded, and these, with all the rest of the inhabitants of the villages, are living under the rudest shelter on the bare hill-sides in what we should consider the most wretched condition; although the Turks call them comfortably housed when they have as much as a board and cloth to get under. They number 20,000 or 25,000, and many have lost all, and look the picture of misery. The Turks are now, however, taking energetic steps to relieve them."

Our other correspondent writes:—"The village of Latzata, about six miles from the town of Tcheshmé, was one of those that suffered so much by the late earthquakes. Ever since the first shock, which occurred on the 15th Oct., the survivors have passed each day and night in terror of it recurring. By degrees they are building wooden huts to live in until their own houses can be rebuilt. My sketch represents the inhabitants of the village on the hill overlooking the town at sunset praying that they may be saved from further earthquakes. Those whose houses have been destroyed are perfectly destitute, and most of them ruined."

GUY FAWKES DAY AT BRIDGWATER

MONDAY, November 5th, 1883, will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Bridgwater and the numerous visitors to the town, on account of the imposing ceremony in connection with the opening of the newly-constructed bridge over the River Parret, and also for the celebration, on the same evening, of the annual Guy Fawkes saturnalia.

The new bridge, which has been erected by Mr. George Moss, of Liverpool, consists of seven wrought-iron arched ribs. The roadway is practically level. The cost exceeded 3,000*l.*

Like Exeter and Lewes, Bridgwater is very energetic in its Guy Fawkes business. Nearly every young man in the place belongs to one of the numerous "Guy" gangs, and each gang is provided with squibs of exceptional size, a tremendous bonfire is lighted in the Cornhill, the shops around are boarded up, and the magistrates, so far from objecting, form members of the Executive Committee to arrange the celebration.

Owing to the simultaneous opening of the bridge and the concourse of visitors, the proceedings this year were especially spirited. The usual torchlight procession of masqueraders was accompanied by four bands of music. The leading features of the show were a full-rigged ship intended to represent H.M.S. *Arethusa*, and a capably-executed effigy of Guy Fawkes. Both of these were drawn by horses on trolleys. The Guy, who was more than six feet high, and was mounted on a pedestal, was attired in a scarlet tunic, short blue breeches, white stockings, hat with feathers, black beard and moustache. He wore a sword, carried a torch, and had a lighted lantern slung round his waist. Fifteen of the accompanying masqueraders were most correctly attired in the costume of Knights of the Garter in the reign of James I. When one thinks of the pleasure which for nearly three centuries poor Guido Fawkes has conferred on successive generations of boys and young men, one feels inclined to forgive him for his traitorous intent.

THE KAIBAB, GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO RIVER, U.S.A.

MOST people have by this time heard of that wonderful region in the south-western part of the United States, appropriately called by its principal explorer, Major Powell, of the United States Army, the Plateau Province. As the name indicates, the region is greatly elevated above the sea-level, but in place of mountains there are platforms or terraces nearly or quite horizontal on their floors or summits, and abruptly terminated by long lines of cliffs. But still more remarkable is the fact that the rivers, or, to speak more correctly, the drainage channels of this district, are cut from 500 to 3,000 feet below the general platform of the surrounding country. All these drainage channels lead down to one great trunk channel cleft through the heart of the Plateau Province for nearly 300 miles, that is to say, to the chasm, or Great Cañon of the Colorado River. This cañon has been justly described as "the most magnificent gorge, as well as the grandest geological section, of which we have any knowledge."

These tremendous ravines are entirely produced by attrition—by the ceaseless action of running water. But certain conditions are necessary to ensure the success of this wonderful process. The

climate must be very dry, even periodical rains must be almost unknown, while, at the same time, never-failing streams from distant sources must pass through this dry country; the surface strata should be of a soft yielding character; and the fall of the surface of the land sufficiently great to ensure a rapid current. It is only necessary, by the way, that the surface strata should be soft, for when once the stream has established a definite channel, it will go on eating away the rocks till it has penetrated through thousands of feet of the hardest granite. The regions where these cañons are found are almost always desert and barren.

The physical geology of this region is fully described in a book written by Captain Clarence E. Dutton, U.S.A., and published by the Geological Department of the United States Government. From this exhaustive volume it will be enough to cull a few details explanatory of our engraving.

The total length of the Grand Cañon is about 218 miles, and its depth varies from 4,500 to 6,000 feet. Its width, from crest-line to crest-line, varies from 4½ to 12 miles, the widest portions being always the grandest. For convenience of discussion Captain Dutton has classified the Grand Cañon under four divisions, of which the Kaibab is deeper, wider, and much grander and more diversified than the others. The Kaibab region lies high. Its greatest altitude is 9,280 feet above sea level. Consequently there is more moisture, and more vegetation. Large and noble trees, standing apart, as in a park, abound, and during the summer there is a magnificent display of wild flowers.

The shapes of the rocks in this strange region are suggestive of the work of human hands, only on a gigantic scale. For example, there is a "butte," more than 5,000 feet high, which has a surprising resemblance to an Oriental pagoda. It was named Vishnu's Temple. In another case, a long rambling rocky mass was called The Cloisters. Another "butte," the most majestic of all, was christened Shiva's Temple. There are hundreds of these mighty structures, miles in length and thousands of feet in height, displaying their richly-moulded plinths and friezes, thrusting out their gables, buttresses, and pilasters, and recessed with alcoves and panels.

MUSCAT

THERE has been another of those little periodical disturbances in the little State of Oman on the Red Sea, the constant recurrence of which during the past thirty years has rendered the constant presence of a British gunboat off the coast indispensable. Ever since 1856, when Seyyid Said died, leaving behind him a family of fifteen sons, there has been a constant dispute over his heritage, and one after another chieftain has risen, reigned, and fallen, after the fashion of Oriental potentates. The last in possession is Seyyid Tookri, one of the old chieftain's sons, who seized Muscat in 1871, and was duly recognised by us. With the help of the British Resident and a mercenary force of Beloochees he has hitherto held his own. At the close of last month, however, one of his brothers besieged the city, and the commander of the British gunboat *Philomel* thought it time to intervene, and shelled the camp of the besiegers with such effect, that the siege has since been raised and the besiegers have taken to flight. The town of Muscat contains 40,000 inhabitants, and is wealthy and prosperous. There is a surrounding wall, and the entrance to the harbour is defended by two forts. The trade shows a surplus of exports over imports of about three-quarters of a million, and affords a tempting prize to the surrounding Arab tribes, to whose hope of eventual plunder may be attributed the constant attacks to which it is subjected.

THE ACCRINGTON COLLIERY DISASTER

THIS terrible fatality occurred at 8.30 a.m. on the 7th inst. at Moorfield Colliery, between Accrington and Clayton-le-Moors, belonging to the Altham Colliery Company. At the time of the explosion there were 110 miners in the pit, and of these sixty-three were killed, and a number of others severely injured. The pit-shaft being cut off, the searching explorations could only be carried on from another pit, known as Altham Colliery, belonging to the same company, about three-quarters of a mile distant, and from which there is direct communication. The scene at the pit's mouth was very harrowing, the few hundreds of spectators who had assembled at first being increased to thousands as the news spread. The searching party, having explored the headways, sent the injured men up by the Whinney Hill shaft, not without much difficulty, as the distance is about 1,200 yards. The disaster caused especial excitement, as gas explosions are almost unknown in the mines of North-East Lancashire. The cause of the explosion appears to have been a "blower"—that is, an outburst of highly inflammable gas—in one of the headings. The "blower" found by the explorers is a very large one, and it is supposed that in rushing away from it the miners brought about their own destruction. The Davy lamp is a sufficient safeguard when at rest, or when moved slowly, but experience has shown that if moved rapidly through "fire-damp" it will cause an explosion. Much sympathy was expressed at the death of Mr. Seddon, formerly a colliery manager. He had been one of the most active of the explorers, and on his return was thrown out of his vehicle and killed on the spot. Many of the victims of this disaster were insured in the Prudential Assurance Company, whose agent, with commendable promptitude, forthwith distributed from 250*l.* to 300*l.* among the families of the sufferers. But much more needs to be done to ensure permanent relief to the thirty-six widows and eighty-four children who are left destitute. To give each widow 5*s.* a week, and each child 2*s.* 6*d.* up to the age of thirteen, a sum of 10,000*l.* is required, for which public subscriptions are earnestly solicited. 5,000*l.* has already been collected.

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

AN ARISTOCRATIC CORNER OF A KORDOFAN VILLAGE

"THIS sketch," writes the artist, "will give an idea of the wretched hovels in which the Arabs herd; they are, in reality, little better than ill-kept pigsties. I have chosen the best-constructed huts—they are made of durra-stalks and matting—as a sample of the prevailing architecture; and these are inhabited by the most well-to-do, the women wearing massive gold bracelets and anklets. This village has all along remained neutral, and even friendly, to the Khédive, the people having supplied the garrison of Douaïm, from the very first, with cattle, and so their herds and durra-fields were left untouched by General Hicks' troops. The mountain in the distance is Djebel Arashkol."

"BASHI-BAZOUKS RUNNING-IN PRISONERS

"CAPTAIN HERLTH, late of the Austrian cavalry, has been attached to the Staff of General Hicks, and to this officer has been confided the command of the cavalry advance. He is continually pouncing on small groups of the enemy concealed in the mimosa thickets, and this is the fashion in which he sends them in for examination by Hicks Pasha at the first halt. They are disarmed and bound, one of the Bashi-Bazouks carrying their spears across the pommel of his saddle as a proof that they were found lurking with weapons in their hands. In most instances the spears are simply confiscated, and the men released with a caution not to be found again bearing arms against the Government forces."

"F. V."

ON THE CONGO, IV.

THE last portion of Mr. Johnston's narrative begins on page 497

"THE CULPRITS"

Jo, Jimmy, and Jock are in sad disgrace. With all the energetic thoughtlessness of puppies they have been devoting a quarter of an hour to literature, and have practically torn the publication in question to rags. This habit is not unknown to small bipeds, but is one of the great vices of puppies. They are as bad as rats or guinea-pigs in their way, and are always hankering after something whereupon to exercise their teeth. A little white poodle the writer once possessed was the terror of a literary household. No book, however valuable, was sacred from his dental ravages, and no whipping appeared to check his bad habit. Nor indeed are dachshunds—highly intelligent as they may be—to be excepted from the rule; but they have sufficient sense to know when they are doing wrong, and each of the culprits betrays his guiltiness by appearing hopelessly self-conscious. For instance, look at Jim, who is begging piteously, and all but saying, "Please don't whip me"—a favourite trick, by the way, of well-bred dogs, who appear to be well aware that "a fault owned is half atoned." Dachshunds, however, are good dogs in a house, and in addition possess capital sporting abilities, for though somewhat slow they are sure in the pursuit of wounded game—and, while mischievous when puppies, turn out thoroughly trustworthy in after life. Like the poodle, the dachshund is a dog of antiquity, and he is even depicted on a monument of Thothmes III.

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY by W. E. Norris, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 501.



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW was this year more attractive than usual, and the spectacle was enjoyed and applauded by vast multitudes to whom the 9th of November is a double holiday as both Lord Mayor's Day and the birthday of the Prince of Wales. At the evening banquet the Lord Mayor and the Premier paid each other tributes of admiration and esteem. Not the slightest allusion was made by any of the speakers to the doom supposed to be threatening the Corporation. Mr. Gladstone seemed in excellent spirits, and amused the assemblage by bantering those political prophets of the Press who knew more about his legislative intentions than he did himself.

ON THE EVENING BEFORE LORD MAYOR'S DAY the Postmaster-General addressed his constituents in a frank and vigorous speech. His speech was mainly on the electoral franchises of the future. Mr. Fawcett once more advocated Women's Suffrage, even though female electors might vote against that Disestablishment of the Church which he himself favoured. Once more, too, he argued strongly in favour of the representation of minorities, and inferentially of large constituencies, as together more equitable than the representation which might be given—and perhaps, he thought, too largely—to minorities by a system of equal electoral districts each returning one member to Parliament. He preferred for England *scrutin de liste* to *scrutin d'arrondissement*, as Gambetta, to whose authority he appealed, preferred it for France. The qualification for the county franchise derived from ownership in counties Mr. Fawcett would abolish, unless where the owner occupies his freehold, and only in this way he thought could an end be put to the manufacture of faggot votes. He would also limit to boroughs the exercise of the suffrage in both counties and boroughs now allowed to the owners of freehold property in boroughs. Mr. Fawcett praised Lord Salisbury for his article on the housing of the poor, but condemned the proposal that Governments and Municipalities should build dwellings for artisans, to be let at low rents, and he expressed a fear that the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry would needlessly delay legislation on the subject.—At Paisley, on the same evening, Sir Richard Cross defended Conservative finance, especially in regard to the payment of the National Debt, and on the following day he adverted to the necessity of State intervention in the matter, of the housing of the poor, calling on philanthropists to supplement the operation of the Artisans Dwellings Acts by subscribing to build houses suitable to the poor on the areas cleared under those Acts.—On Friday Lord Carnarvon, in the High Clerie Reading Room, delivered a non-political address, suggested by his Canadian tour. It was chiefly devoted to the Province of Ontario, though he gave a glowing description of the Far West of the Dominion, in order to migrate to which many of the Ontario farmers, he said, are selling their farms. Lord Carnarvon threw out the practical remark that perhaps the best thing an emigrant with a little capital could do was to begin by buying and settling on one of the Ontario homesteads now being thrown into the market, which the purchaser would find cleared, fenced, provided with a house, and ready for immediate and profitable occupation.—On Tuesday, at Bristol, on the occasion of the Colston banquet, the Liberals of the Anchor Society were addressed by Lord Northbrook, and the Conservatives of the Dolphin by Mr. James Lowther and Mr. Cecil Raikes. Lord Northbrook made an important statement respecting intended modifications in the Ilbert Bill as concessions to their European opponents in India.—On the same day, Mr. Chaplin, M.P., addressing a Conservative meeting at Oldham, protested against an extension of the suffrage in Ireland; and Viscount Cranbrook, at the City banquet of the Salters' Company, predicted a great political future for the House of Lords.—On Wednesday a number of speeches were delivered by public men. At Bristol Lord Northbrook and Mr. Samuel Morley addressed another Liberal meeting. Mr. Samuel Morley said that as an earnest man he was tired of the House of Commons and of the loquacity on both sides of the House, and intimated that with the next Dissolution his Parliamentary career would close.—At a Trinity House banquet the President of the Board of Trade announced his intention of attempting further legislation for the prevention of disaster at sea, and M. de Lesseps made a brief speech, in which he laid stress on the circumstance that the construction of the Suez Canal, after being opposed by Lord Palmerston, had been effected by French capital.

THE FIRST CABINET COUNCIL OF THE RECESS was held on Saturday, followed by a second on Tuesday, and Lord Spencer was present at the former. Previously to its meeting, the Speaker of the House of Commons conferred with Mr. Gladstone and several members of the Cabinet. This incident revived the rumour that Sir Henry Brand intends to resign the Speakership at the opening of the Session. It is more probable that on Saturday he was consulted on arrangements connected with the business of the House of Commons than that he was summoned to Downing Street in order that members of the Cabinet should entreat him not to resign.

LORD AND LADY SALISBURY have been visiting the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, at Inverary Castle, and of this meeting of the Conservative Marquis and the Liberal Duke much has been made by the political seers whom Mr. Gladstone ridiculed at the Guildhall.

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE is the Conservative, and the Postmaster-General the Liberal candidate for the Rectorship of Glasgow University. The "independent" party among the students have chosen

as a third candidate Mr. Ruskin. This circumstance will probably diminish Mr. Fawcett's chances of success, and Lord Bute, besides being a Scotchman, has been a benefactor of Glasgow University.

THE REPRESENTATION OF YORK CITY is being keenly contested. The Conservative candidate, Sir Frederick Milner, is the occupant of Nun Appleton, where Andrew Marvell was tutor in the Fairfax family, whose Yorkshire seat it then was. His opponent, Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., unsuccessfully contested King's Lynn, in the Liberal interest, at the General Election of 1880. At that election the late Mr. Leeman, who was the successful Liberal candidate lowest on the poll, defeated the only Conservative candidate, Mr. James Lowther, by a majority of rather more than 450.

M. DE LESSEPS has had some informal conferences with ship-owners and merchants on this side the Channel interested in the Suez Canal. He has probably already made the discovery that the English representatives of those interests do not share the complacency with which he spoke at the Guildhall of his contemplated concessions as all that they could desire. During his visit to the chief centres of the North of England he will, however, meet with the cordial reception due to the services which, as projector and engineer of the Suez Canal, he has rendered to the commerce of the world, and especially to that of the United Kingdom.

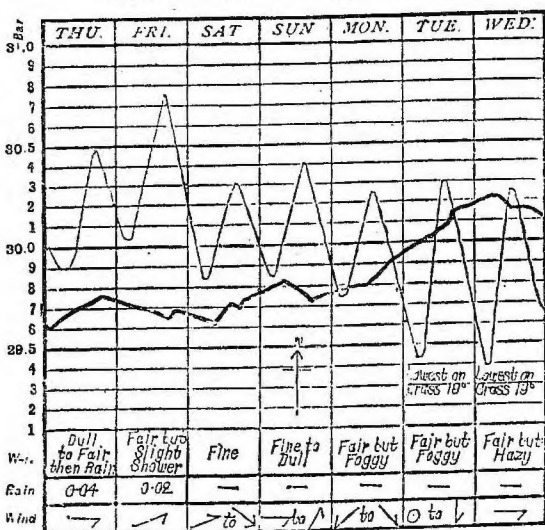
THE GOVERNMENT have prohibited both the Nationalist and the Orange gatherings at Fermanagh, instead of relying on the military and the police for the prevention of the threatened and most dangerous collision. Carrying arms in Fermanagh has also been forbidden. The Grand Lodge of Fermanagh has issued a notice expressing satisfaction with the step taken by the Government, and calling on all Orangemen to obey the law and remain at home.—On Tuesday in Dublin was resumed the trial of Poole for the murder of Kenny in July, 1882. The Judge summed up against the prisoner, but the jury could not agree, and were discharged. Poole is to be tried again on Monday.—An official explanation has been given respecting the Emigration Scheme, the surreptitious publication of which, in an Irish Home Rule journal, was followed by an explosion of indignation on the part of the orators and organs of that party, and by a formal protest against it from the Archbishop of Tuam and his clergy. It had not even been considered, or, indeed, submitted to the Irish Government at the time when an outline was made known to the public.—The Limerick Election was to be decided on Friday. The candidate of the Nationalists has declared that they will never rest until they have a Parliament of their own on College Green. Mr. Healy has been assisting him, and vilifying, in his usual style, Mr. Spaight, the Conservative candidate, as well as the Irish landlords, whom he declared to be worse even than locusts, and to be "cleared out of" Ireland before it can be "peaceful and happy," adding that the Irish would "never achieve what they were looking for by any milk-and-water kind of business."—Lord Devon, who has a large estate in County Limerick, has invited his tenants on it to become owners of their holdings under the purchase-clauses of the Land Act of 1881, and has offered to allow the balance of the purchase-money not provided by the Land Commission to remain on mortgage at four per cent.

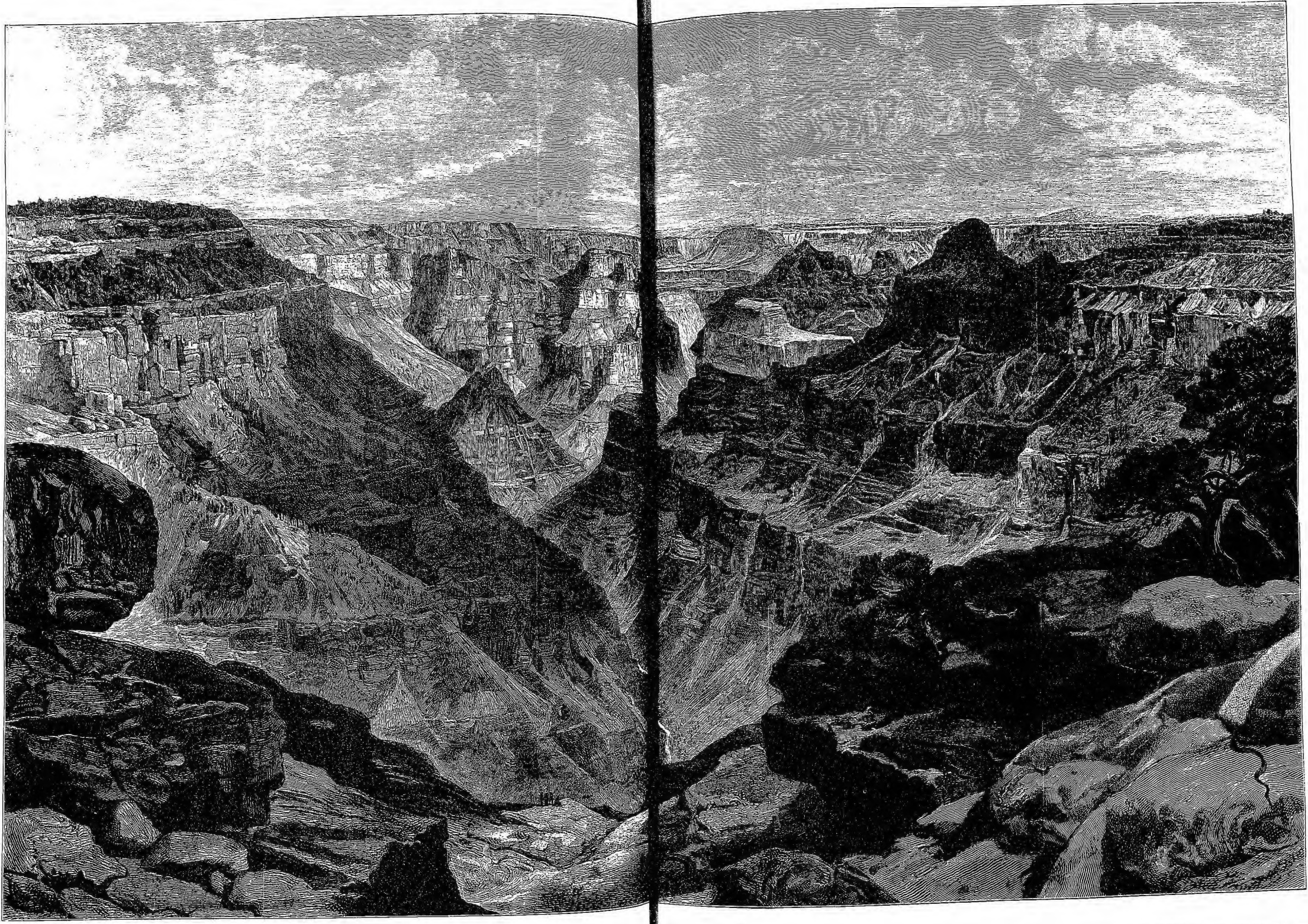
A FAIR-TRADE CONFERENCE was held on Saturday at unconmercial Leamington. Lord Dunraven presided, and amongst the speakers were several Members of Parliament and an American gentleman, who dilated upon the industrial progress made by the United States under their present system of rigid protection.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK chronicles the death, a sudden one, of Mr. Charles Daly, of the Grenadier Guards, who had been with his regiment through the Egyptian Campaign; the death, also sudden, of the Rev. James Hoyle, chairman of the Congregational Union of South Africa; that, at the age of fifty-eight, of General Arthur, C.B., formerly of the Bengal Artillery, who had served in the two Sikh Wars and during the Indian Mutiny; of Sir Theophilus John Metcalfe, C.B., aged fifty-four, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service; of Colonel Sir James Dyson Bourne, who died suddenly on Sunday, in his forty-second year; and of Lady Otho Fitzgerald, formerly Dowager Lady Londesborough, at Paris, in her sixty-first year.

THE LATE MR. JOHN KEMPE.—We record with regret the death of this gentleman, who died, aged fifty-six, at 13, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, the house of his friend Mr. A. C. Ranyard. Mr. Kempe was the son of the late Colonel J. A. Kempe, H.E.I.C.S., and was formerly a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. He was for many years a valued contributor to this journal, and, although for some time suffering from a painful and wasting disease, worked manfully up to within a few days of his death.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM NOV. 8 TO NOV. 14 (INCLUSIVE).





THE TRANSEPT IN THE KAIBAB, GRAND CAÑON, COLORADO RIVER, U.S.A.



THE approaching visit of the Crown Prince of GERMANY to the King of SPAIN is undoubtedly a matter of serious European import. Preceded by a letter to King Alfonso from the Emperor, in which he regrets that he is unable to go to Madrid in person, and coincident with the statement that the Spanish and German Legations are to be raised to the rank of Embassies, the visit is manifestly indicative of Germany's desire for a closer alliance with Spain. This, indeed, was foreshadowed by the cordial reception of the King at the German manoeuvres, and Prince Bismarck has aptly taken advantage of the irritation caused by the Parisian outrage to contrast Germany's friendship with France's hostility. It will certainly be convenient to Germany to see another Latin country enter the union which has already been formed by herself, Austria, and Italy against any aggression on the east by Russia or on the west by France, while Spanish Monarchists undoubtedly find it advantageous to have such powerful protection against the wiles of the antagonistic Republic across the Pyrenees. With all becoming caution, nevertheless, the official Spanish Press declare that the visit is utterly devoid of political significance, and is a mere act of courtesy. The German Press, however, is not so reticent, and more than one journal chuckles over the "isolation of French revenge proclivities and the maintenance of the world's peace."

Meanwhile the arrangements for the actual visit are as follows:—The Crown Prince will leave Berlin on Saturday. Travelling to Genoa, he will embark there on Monday on board a German man-of-war, and, escorted by the German Mediterranean Squadron and two Spanish war vessels, which will meet him at Genoa, will steam for Valencia. Originally, it appears, Barcelona had been selected as the landing place, but the French inhabitants of that city had apparently promised themselves the pleasure of giving the Prince a hostile reception, and so more peaceably disposed Valencia had the preference. Not indeed that all classes of Spaniards are altogether enthusiastic about this visit. Many thoughtful statesmen are not convinced that it is good policy to break so utterly with a powerful neighbour, while the advanced Liberals, and above all the Republicans, are far from pleased at the prospect of a close alliance with an essentially autocratic Empire. The King will receive his guest at Madrid, but it is expected will previously create the Prince a Spanish Colonel, so that he will wear the Spanish uniform on his entry into the capital, where he will stay until after November 28, the King's birthday.

In FRANCE, as may be well imagined, the visit is looked upon as a further proof of Germany's decision to isolate her and Europe, but the various journals, with that curious ostrich-like love of never looking a danger in the face, mainly content themselves with remarking that Spain will never be led by Germany, and that Iberian and Teutonic policy and action will never be united. That the recent action on the part of the Parisians should have thrown Spain into the arms of Germany is ignored. This incident is declared to be closed by the permission which has been given to the Spanish Government to publish the text of President Grévy's apology in the *Gazette*, and by the appointment of Marshal Serrano as Ambassador to Paris. To come to French news proper, there has been a lull in political circles. The Ministry have asked for a supplementary vote of 360,000*fr.* for the Tonquin Expedition, and at the same time have made a statement of the condition of affairs. By this the French army there now consists of 8,650 men, while the naval force consists of thirty-two vessels, with 4,500 men. From the seat of war there is no noteworthy news, but a correspondence is being published which shows that the quarrel between M. Harmand, the Civil Commissary, and General Bouet was due to the anxiety of the Ministry to be in a position to report the campaign virtually over at the meeting of Parliament, while the General was loth to make a decided advance without an adequate force. Tonquinese matters apart, the Chamber has been busy voting the new Municipal Bill, and, to the great wrath of the Clericals, has decided that the monopoly of funeral trappings now possessed by the various churches should be abolished, such trappings henceforward to be provided by the municipal authorities. M. Paul Bert's measure for elementary schools, and a Bill for exempting non-Catholic soldiers from compulsory attendance at Mass, have also been discussed, while a proposition has been unanimously passed awarding medals to the soldiers engaged in the Tonquinese and Madagascar campaigns. In the Senate the Minister of Justice, M. Martin Feuillée, has given an explanation as to his recent execution of the Magistracy Removal Act. Six hundred and fourteen magistrates had been retired; and as to the new men, they are all magistrates by profession, and quite equal to their predecessors in talent and independence.

In PARIS Sir Edward Watkin and the Directors of the South-Eastern Railway have interviewed M. Cochery with regard to the transfer of the mails to the improved service between Folkestone and Boulogne. They pointed out that large sums had been spent in building swift vessels, and that the company contemplated constructing a harbour of refuge at Folkestone. The Minister made a characteristic, cautious reply; that when it could be proved to his satisfaction that a more speedy service, at fixed hours, than that already in existence had been established, he would be prepared to consider the question. There is little gossip proper, save two new opera comiques—one at the Folies Dramatiques, *Français les Bas-bleus*, which it has taken three writers and two musicians to compose; the other at the Renaissance, *La Clairon*, which is the work of an equal number of librettists, with only one musician, M. George Jacobi. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been playing Lady Macbeth at the Français, for the farewell benefit of Madame Fargeuil, who has now left the stage.

GERMANY has been celebrating the Luther Festival with great fervour. The chief interest has centred in the little town of Eisleben, where the great Reformer was born and died. The whole town was decorated with garlands, flags, and busts of Luther, and thronged with many thousand visitors from all parts, who made an especial pilgrimage to the house where Luther breathed his last. The ceremonies began at ten on Saturday with a sermon by Court Chaplain Frommel, who took for his text Luke i. 66—68, from the very pulpit from which Luther had so often preached. At noon a splendid bronze monument to Luther was unveiled in the market-place. This represents him burning the Papal Bull with one hand, and pressing the Bible to his breast with the other. Next there was an historical procession, representing Luther's reception by the Count of Mansfeld on his last journey from Wittenberg to Eisleben. In most other towns and villages throughout the Empire the four hundredth anniversary of the Reformer's birth was commemorated with appropriate festivities, and at Berlin there was a solemn procession from the Town Hall to St. Nicholas Church, where a special service was performed before the Emperor and the Imperial family. Prince Bismarck is again suffering from an attack of jaundice.

The Luther Quatercentenary has also been commemorated by the Protestant Communities in Roman Catholic countries, such as France, Italy, and even Spain—where, however, the Protestants, though allowed much more liberty, are still under severer restrictions than in any other European country. In Switzerland, also, there have been noteworthy festivals in the Protestant Cantons. Talking

of Switzerland, the Swiss Government, whose fears have been aroused by the fortification of Mont Vuache, are carefully considering the vexed question of the neutrality of Savoy, and all the documents relating to the Congress of Vienna and to the cession of Savoy to France are being carefully studied previous to representations being made on the subject.

In SERBIA King Milan has put down the insurrection with a strong hand. The insurgents, who at first gained a temporary success at Zaitchar, and subsequently seized the local treasury at Kujazevat, have been routed by General Nicolic, while the Government has arrested eighteen of the Radical Committee in Belgrade, together with their leader, M. Paschitch. They are to be tried by court-martial, and in the present temper of the Government will probably meet with very short shrift. Indeed, General Nicolic has already tried and executed several of the insurgent leaders who were taken prisoners, but a large number of fugitives escaped into Bulgaria. Notwithstanding General Nicolic's victory, it is expected that a guerilla warfare will prevail in the disturbed districts for some time to come. The troops are now moving from district to district, taking away the Government arms, which the peasants were wont to hold as militiamen.

RUSSIA and BULGARIA are both apparently endeavouring officially to come to an understanding, though the Muscovite Press is exceedingly bitter against Prince Alexander, and declare that Bulgaria would have fared much better had a Republic been established from the first, with a prominent Bulgarian as President, and organised under Russian auspices. Meanwhile the Bulgarian Foreign Minister was recently well received at St. Petersburg, while Colonel Kaulbars, a brother of General Kaulbars, the ex-Russo-Bulgarian Minister, has been sent to Vienna on a special mission to Prince Alexander, in order to effect, if possible, an amicable settlement.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS there has been much discussion regarding Mr. Gladstone's Mansion House speech, which, if it has not satisfied every one, has at least offended no one—except perhaps in France, where his remarks on the French Republic were not wholly relished. Austria, for want of something better to say, has sneered at the speech for its peaceful tone, remarking that every Minister nowadays talks too ostentatiously of the maintenance of peace. Turning to Austria herself, the Delegations closed on Wednesday. On Tuesday the piercing of the Arlberg Tunnel was completed.—In EGYPT, the announcement that the troops are to be withdrawn from Cairo has not been enthusiastically received by the European residents. Orders for the military retreat to Alexandria have already been issued. The British force in Egypt will now only consist of two battalions of artillery, one company of engineers, and three battalions of infantry. Some uneasiness has been expressed at the absence of news from Hicks Pasha, the report of whose victory in the Soudan has not yet been officially confirmed.—From RUSSIA we hear of another anti-Jewish riot at Kriwaray.—In SPAIN the Minister of Finance has issued a circular to his provincial subordinates, urging great care in collecting the taxes, and announcing that Spain has arrived at a degree of prosperity unknown for many years, the Budget not only closing without a deficit, but showing a surplus.—In HOLLAND, the official *Gazette* roughly estimates the victims in the recent disaster in the Straits of Sunda at 15,000, amongst whom there were only thirty-two Europeans.—In NORWAY the foundation-stone of an English church has been laid at Christiania by the British Minister, Sir Horace Rumbold.—In the UNITED STATES there have been heavy gales on the Atlantic coast, which have caused serious disasters, and a great fire at Shenandoah, by which some 1,300 persons were burnt out.—In CANADA, the warrant arresting the two men at Halifax for illegal possession of dynamite has been set aside, and another warrant issued on a minor ground, the prisoners being allowed out on bail.—In BURMAH King Theebaw is in a bad temper because his Queen has presented him with a daughter, and not a son and heir.—In SOUTH AFRICA, Usibepu is stated to have been severely defeated.—From MADAGASCAR comes the report that a revolution has broken out at Tamatave.—In AUSTRALIA a new Queensland Ministry has been formed, under Mr. Samuel Walker Griffith.



THE QUEEN has postponed her return to the south until next week. Accordingly Her Majesty remains at Balmoral with the Princesses Beatrice and Irene. The Queen on Saturday received Captain Brown and Lieutenants Boyd and Fraser from the detachment of Gordon Highlanders at Ballater, and on Sunday attended Divine Service at Balmoral with the Princesses, afterwards receiving the Rev. Colin Campbell, who had officiated. Next day the Earl of Kintore joined the Royal party at dinner.

The Prince of Wales's birthday was duly kept at the end of last week both in London and the provinces, whilst at Sandringham, where the Prince and Princess had numerous visitors to celebrate the event, the labourers on the estate were given a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, and a county ball was held in the new ball-room, Prince Albert Victor coming over from Cambridge for the occasion. Next morning the Prince and Princess, with their family and guests, went to the meet of the West Norfolk Hounds at Congham House, and in the afternoon Prince Albert Victor left for Cambridge, while the Crown Prince of Portugal, the Italian and Portuguese representatives, and Earl and Countess Granville arrived on a visit. On Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, and on Monday the Prince of Wales and his guests left for town, whence, after calling on the Princess Louise and her husband, the Prince started for Scotland to visit the Earl of Fife at Duff House. He received a most enthusiastic welcome both in Banff and Macduff on his arrival next morning, the towns being decorated, and crowded with visitors from all parts, and two addresses being presented. The Prince was to stay at Duff House till to-day (Saturday), when he returns to Sandringham, where the Princess and daughters have remained in his absence.—Prince Albert Victor entertained the Crown Prince of Portugal at lunch in Trinity College on Monday, and next day paid his first visit to the First Trinity Boat House, afterwards going out for a row in a tub pair with the captain of the First Club.

The Duke of Edinburgh visited Croydon on Tuesday to lay the foundation stone of the new wing of the Croydon General Hospital. The town was *en fête*, and various addresses were presented. The Duke subsequently lunched with the Mayor in the Whitgift Grammar School. The Duchess in the evening went to St. James's Theatre with the Crown Prince of Portugal, who is now visiting the Duke and Duchess at Eastwell. On the 26th inst., the Duke and Duchess go to Longleat, Wilts, to stay with the Marquis of Bath.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Suez on Saturday evening in the *Cathay* for Bombay, having declined the Khédive's invitation to visit Cairo. They will have a comparatively quiet reception at Bombay, whence after the Duke has assumed his command at Meerut they go to Calcutta for the opening of the Exhibition. During his stay in India, the Duke will only receive a salute according to his military rank, except on his arrival, or at any ceremony to which the Viceroy invites him, when he will be saluted as a Member of the Royal Family.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is convalescent. On Wednesday His Grace proceeded to Staplehurst for a fortnight's visit to Lord Cranbrook. His Grace expects to fulfil his engagements at Birmingham in the second week of December. While there His Grace will be the guest of Lord Norton.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH is making satisfactory progress towards convalescence.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON is at Bournemouth for the winter months. He has appointed Dr. Tristram, Q.C., Chancellor of his Diocese, in succession to the late Dr. Swabey.

CANON BARRY will be consecrated Bishop of Sydney towards the end of next month, and in Westminster Abbey.

FOR THE PRINCIPALSHIP OF KING'S COLLEGE, London, vacated by Dr. Barry, the Rev. E. F. Jayne, Principal of Lampeter, and Dr. Wace, Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, are the candidates selected by the Committee appointed for the purpose.

CONVOCATION was prorogued on Tuesday until the 26th of December.

IN THE LUTHER COMMEMORATIONS of Saturday and Monday the laity in England and Scotland very largely participated, while in that of Sunday the clergy of the Established Church and other ministers of religion were, of course, almost exclusively the speakers. There was an inaugural conference on Saturday in Exeter Hall (which was crowded), presided over by Lord Shaftesbury, who was also the principal speaker. The Conference was continued on Monday, and in the evening Lord Shaftesbury again presided over a crowded meeting in Exeter Hall. On either Saturday or Monday there were similar commemorative meetings in such cities and towns as Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, and Nottingham. At that held in Exeter, Earl Fortescue and Sir Thomas Acland were among the speakers. With the exception of that of members of the Roman Catholic Communion the only noticeable opposition to the Luther Commemoration was offered in directly at Oxford. The Hebdomadal Council of the University rejected a proposal to congratulate officially the German Emperor on the advent of the fourth centenary of the birth of Luther.

IN THE MAJORITY OF PULPITS in ENGLAND and SCOTLAND, whether of the Established Churches of the two countries or of Nonconformist Communions, sermons were preached on Sunday in commemoration of Luther and his work. Westminster Abbey was crowded to hear the Archbishop of York's promised discourse, and Mr. Spurgeon's audience completely filled Exeter Hall. One noticeable exception in London to the general rule was afforded by St. Paul's Cathedral, where the Dean of York preached to a very large congregation, without making any direct reference to Luther or the Commemoration. Lord Shaftesbury had said in Exeter Hall the day before that the liberty he claimed for himself he allowed to others, and that the Roman Catholics were quite free, so far as he was concerned, to commemorate the birth of Ignatius Loyola himself. At St. Paul's Dr. Cust is reported to have expressed sentiments the very opposite of Lord Shaftesbury's, and to have gone the length of hinting that if the observance of Christmas Day shocked his Jewish brethren he would not participate in its celebration. One of the two great Commemorative meetings held in Liverpool on Monday was presided over by Bishop Ryle.

OUT OF RESPECT for the feelings of the Jewish community of London, Lord Mayor Fowler withdrew the permission to deliver in the Egyptian Hall a discourse on Luther which had been granted to Herr Stoecker, one of the Court chaplains of the Emperor of Germany, and well known in Berlin and throughout the Fatherland by his vehement championship of the anti-Semitic movement. What he was not allowed to say in the Mansion House Herr Stoecker said, and in English, to a crowded audience in Exeter Hall on Tuesday. In pronouncing a glowing eulogium on Luther, the orator carefully abstained from any reference to the other controversy by taking an active part in which his name first became known in England. Herr Stoecker also spoke at the last of the Luther Commemoration meetings in London on Wednesday. On this occasion the Bishop of Liverpool presided, and in an opening speech said that he regarded the Reformation as the greatest blessing which God had ever been pleased to confer upon a fallen world.

SOME ONE IN LEEDS lately wrote to the Premier requesting his attention to a published statement that he approves of the use by his son of lights on the altar of Hawarden Church, and of the eastern position adopted by the congregation. The Premier, in a reply evidently dictated by him to his secretary, neither affirmed nor contradicted the statement, but said that he would be glad if his correspondent had "an opportunity of seeing the services in Hawarden Church, how they are attended, and also what the parishioners think of their Rector, to whom they have lately presented a mark of their regard." The communication concluded with the statement that "Mr. Gladstone never anywhere interfered with such matters as those connected with the conduct of the Church services."

THE DEANERY OF MANCHESTER has been offered to Dr. Oakley, the Dean of Carlisle. Dr. Oakley was long curate of St. James's, Westminster, and has been secretary of the London Diocesan Board of Education. His views, it is said, have been alternately Broad and High. The name of Canon Hole has been mentioned as that of his possible successor at Carlisle.

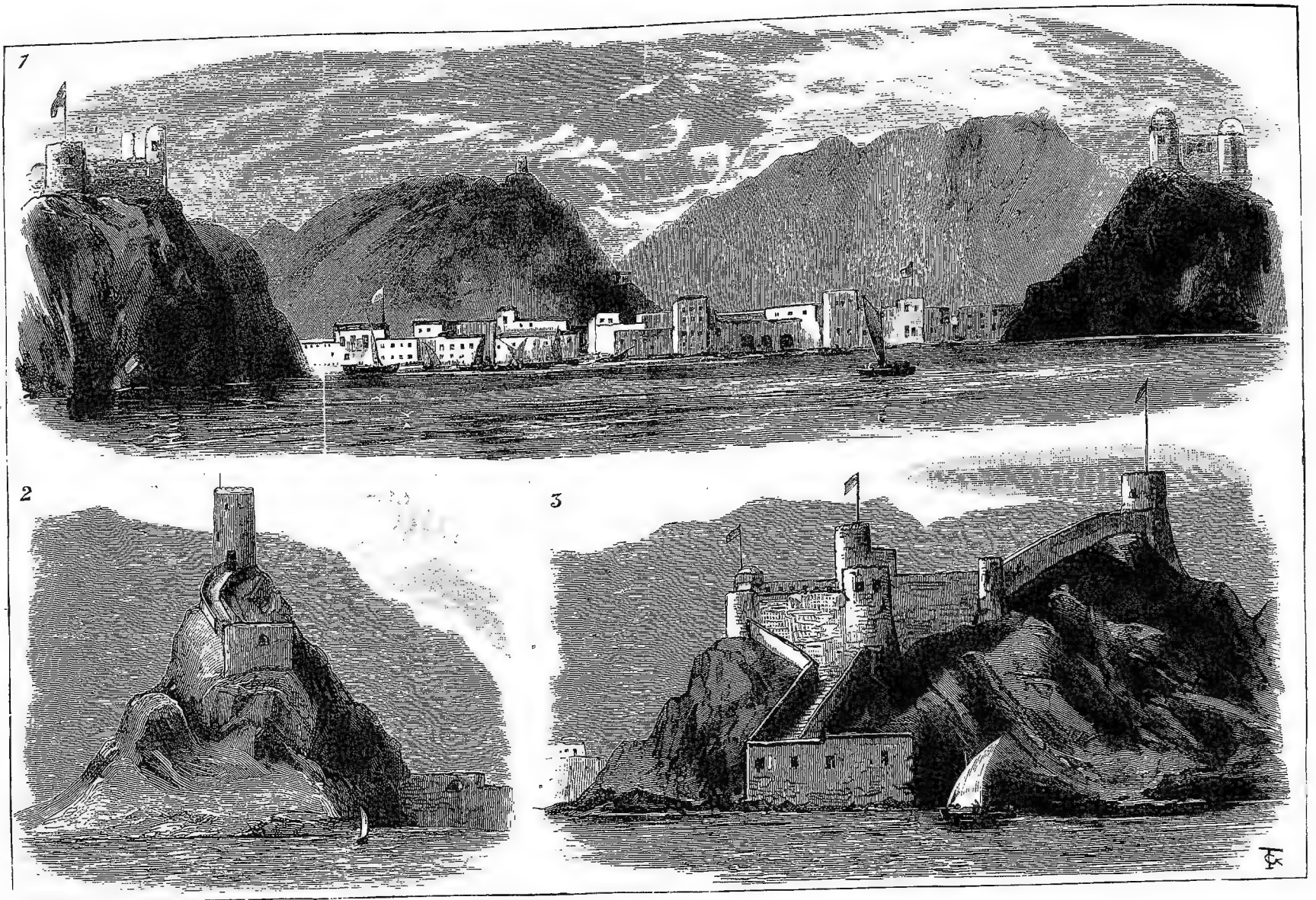
PREFERMENT by popular election is not a dignified arrangement. It is not pleasant to find, in a case still pending in a court of law, a bootmaker suing the Rector of St. Saviour's for 100*l.*, alleged by the plaintiff to have been promised him for canvassing, and in other ways promoting the defendant's election to the Rectorship.

THE SIMEON TRUSTEES have conferred the living of All Souls', Hales Hill, Halifax, on the Rev. Henry Askwith, curate of Christ Church, Surbiton.

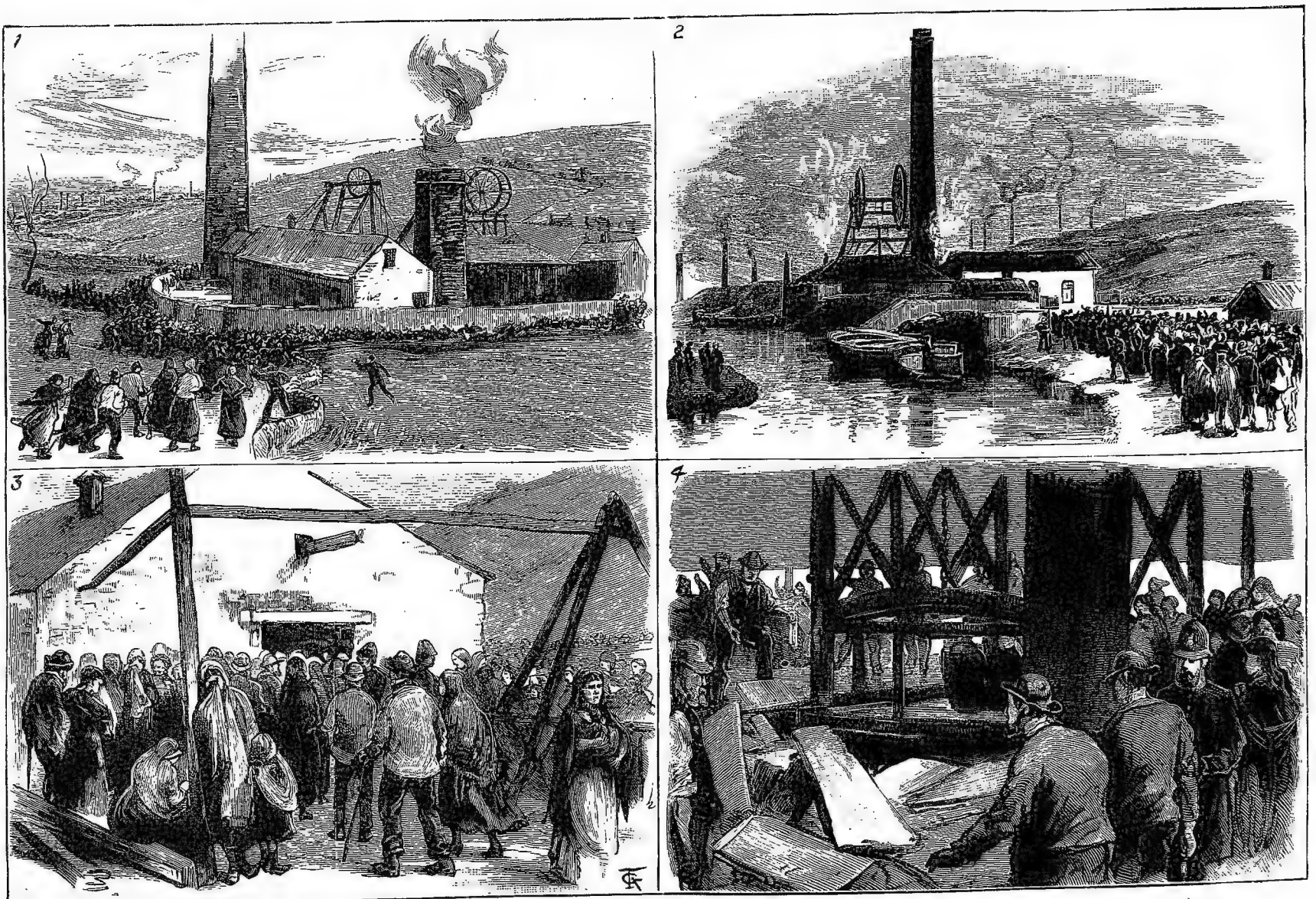


RICHTER CONCERTS.—The pre-Christmas series terminated last Saturday night. On the side of novelty they have not greatly enriched our musical *répertoire*. The vogue indeed, has been mainly limited to the very fine performances of Beethoven's symphonies, under the intelligent direction of Herr Richter himself. A considerable section of the Richter-public, however, are inclined to award the palm of attraction exclusively to their idol, Richard Wagner; but let the honour be accorded to whom it may, it matters not much. At any rate on the present occasion there was more variety than usual. Besides the great *Leonora* overture, and the superb symphony in A (No. 7), both worthily interpreted and appreciated, we had an Orchestral Suite in D, by J. S. Bach.

"The History of the Year" (Cassell and Co., Limited).—This is the second annual issue of a very useful book, which will be of

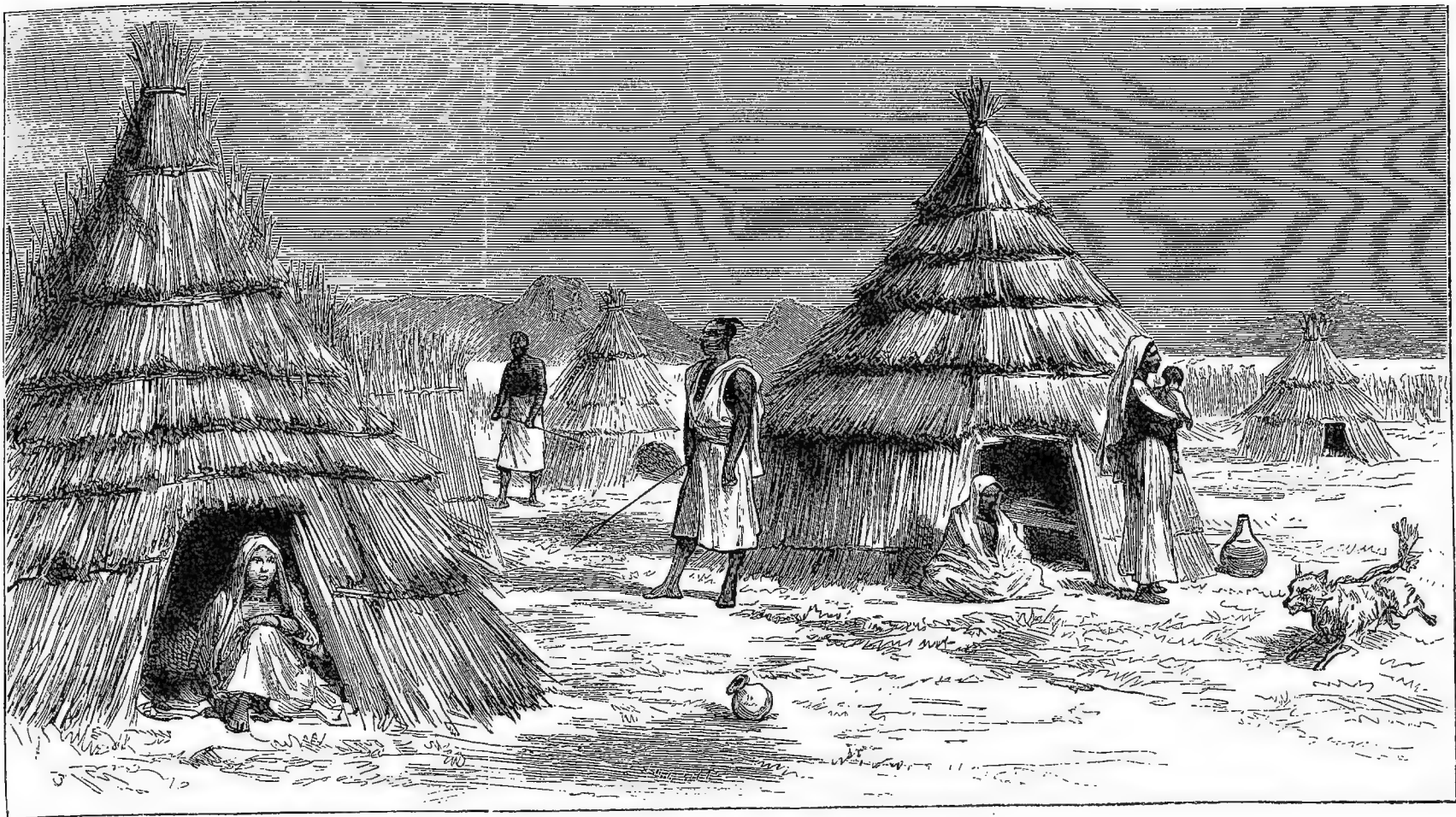


1. Muscat from the Harbour.—2. Fort of Es-Sirât-el-Gharbiyyah.—3. Fort Kalaât-el-Gharbiyyah.
THE RECENT SIEGE OF MUSCAT

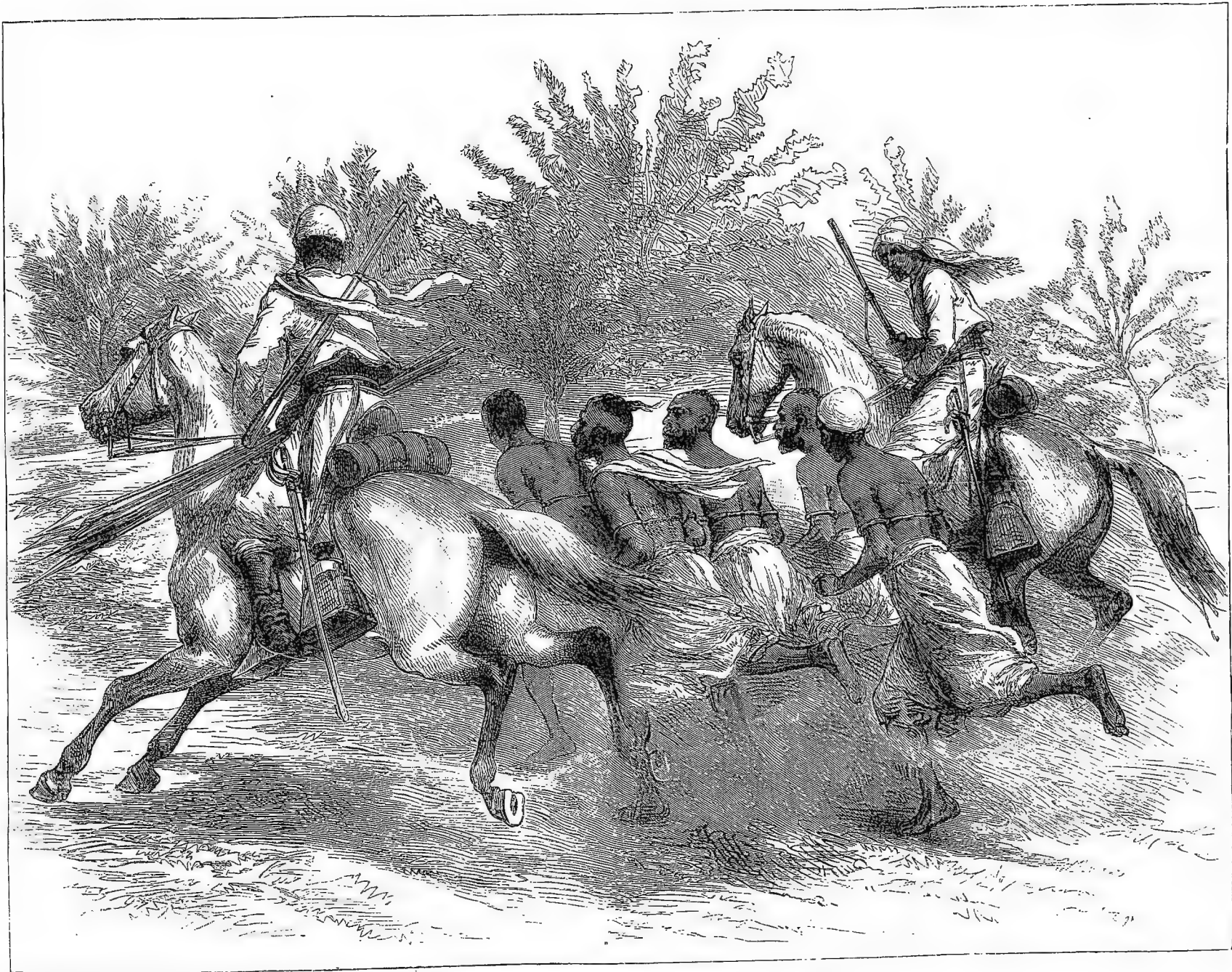


1. The Whinney Hill Colliery, Where the Injured and Dead Men were Brought to the Surface.—2. The Moorfield Pit, the Site of the Explosion.—3. Relatives Identifying the Dead at Whinney Hill Colliery.—4. Effect of the Explosion at the Pit Mouth, Moorfield Pit.

THE FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT ACCRINGTON



AN ARISTOCRATIC CORNER IN A KORDOFAN VILLAGE



BASHI-BAZOUK SCOUTS RUNNING IN ARAB PRISONERS

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

FROM SKETCHES BY AN ARTIST WITH HICKS PASHA'S SOUDAN FIELD FORCE

extreme value to persons who wish to consult the history of the recent past. Within the space of less than six hundred moderately-sized pages there will be found a thoroughly readable summary of the events of the twelve months beginning October 1st, 1882, and ending September 30th, 1883. The annals of the United Kingdom are followed by those of the Colonies and of India, while to these succeed foreign countries arranged in convenient groups. Trade and Finance, Religion, Science, Literature and Art, Sports, and Fashion are treated in separate special chapters. An Obituary of noteworthy persons comes next, and finally an exhaustive Appendix is given, containing valuable Parliamentary, commercial, and other statistics. Several improvements have been introduced into the present issue, and we may sincerely congratulate the contributors and publishers on the accurate and excellent manner in which this compact volume has been compiled and arranged.

"A Review of Hume and Huxley on Miracles" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), by Sir Edmund Beckett, is a trenchant piece of writing which those should study who have already read Mr. Huxley's "Hume" in the "English Men of Letters" Series. It restates with lucidity the customary arguments of the believer in miracles, though the brochure will teach nothing to those already familiar with the orthodox argument as expounded in such volumes as Dean Mansel's "Aids to Faith." "The Ethics of Diet," by Howard Williams, M.A. (F. Pitman), issued under the auspices of Professor F. W. Newman, is a thorough-going vegetarian manifesto. Great pains have been expended by the author to collect the opinions of men of authority in all ages on the practice of flesh-eating, and it is, of course, contended that the consensus of opinion among the wisest is against that practice. Many of the authorities quoted would doubtless be surprised to find themselves posing as vegetarians, since all were probably sturdy flesh-eaters; but in spite of its diffuseness the volume is one which will sufficiently repay cursory perusal. "How to Use Our Eyes," by John Browning, F.R.A.S. (Chatto and Windus), is a thoroughly practical little manual, likely to be of much use to persons with weak eyes. Being the result of years of technical experience, it contains a number of practical hints which wearers of spectacles and eyeglasses could probably not find in so complete a form in any other publication. Since Lord Derby's famous Mansion House meeting, Thrift has been a subject on which many platitudes have been emitted. "Stepping Stones to Thrift" (Ward, Lock, and Co.) is one of the latest books on this somewhat wearisome subject. Mr. Smiles and the late Dr. Todd, of "Student's Manual" fame, have never yet been surpassed as masters of this sort of literature, and "Stepping Stones to Thrift" is much in the manner of these well-known authors, with added exhortations which, we must hope, will not be without their stimulus to the classes to which they are addressed. "Addresses and Stories for Mothers' Meetings," by Mrs. G. E. Morton and Miss Anne Hankey (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), and "Heroes of Science: Chemists," by M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), are the titles of two other books upon our table.

We have received a sumptuous new edition of Mr. G. A. Sala's well-known "Dutch Pictures" (Vizetelly and Co.). It is printed on rough paper, and is enriched with many admirable illustrations. Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. send us a new edition, in one volume, of extracts from the letters and journals of Caroline Fox, under the title, "Memories of Old Friends." The present edition contains fourteen letters from J. S. Mill never before published. From the same firm we have received "The Story of Merv," epitomised from Mr. Edmund O'Donovan's large work in two volumes.



THE RENEWAL OF ORCHARDS.—Too little attention has been given to the article contributed by Mr. Dunster to the *Nineteenth Century*. The true cause of the decay of fruit trees appears to be the unhealthy state of the bark, and what is wanted is "the application of some substance to the bark powerful enough to cleanse it from all its enemies, while, at the same time, it leaves the tree with increased power of productiveness." The *elixir vite*, in the case of orchards, is claimed by Mr. Dunster to have been found by him in paraffin oil, with which he has cleansed his own trees with extraordinarily good effect.

ENSILAGE CUTTERS.—"I hope," says a correspondent, "that, before another season comes round for filling silos, some of our numerous makers of hay-cutters will contrive a good machine, not only for cutting up green clover, but for raising it when cut to the top of those silos which are built above ground. I saw at Amsterdam Exhibition recently an ingenious machine, by which the clover is cut and then blown up a tube—all forming part of the same machine. It is the invention of M. Albaret, a French agricultural implement maker." Such a machine ought undoubtedly to be very useful; and having personally seen this particular machine, we may take upon ourselves the responsibility of recommending it. Readers who may wish to learn more of M. Albaret, may like to know that his address is 63, Boulevard de Strasbourg, Paris. His manufactory at Liancourt, Oise, is visited much the same as are Ramsome's Works at Ipswich.

"FARMING A CENTURY AGO was a more desirable occupation than it is to-day." Thus writes the editor of the *Worcester Journal* on the strength of a paragraph which appeared a century ago (1783) in that paper. "The following particulars are no less true than extraordinary. Joseph Hopkins, Esq., of Cholsley Farm, near Wallingford, Berkshire, had 700 sickles engaged on his field at one time, and in one day he drew to market with his own team upwards of 1,470*l.* worth of corn, all his own growth. He is supposed to be possessed of the largest barn in the kingdom." The feelings of the farmer of 1883 when he reads such a paragraph must be somewhat "mixed." The eighteenth century had its advantages apparently, and "scientific agriculture" has not made farmers' fortunes, though "professors" read learned papers at Agricultural Societies from Land's End to John O'Groats' House.

SEWAGE FARMING is made to pay at Reading, if in some other places loss has been incurred. The Reading Corporation announces that a gross profit of 1,015*l.* has been made in the year, while even allowing for the Corporation land occupied at current local rates of value, which would be about 300*l.*, the net profit of 715*l.* remains;—and the sewage is disposed of. To convert an incumbrance and nuisance into a neat little income is a work of which Reading may fairly be proud, and the example is an encouraging one, though superfine persons may sneer at a "policy of sewage." The "profit" comes out of the milk-pail: it is the dairy that pays.

SCOTLAND complains of a poor turnip crop, which for North Britain is always a rather serious misfortune. The prevalence of "finger and toe" has done much injury, and the cold wet weather of July and August had hopelessly stunted the plants on thousands of acres of imperfectly drained land, and especially where there was a large proportion of clay. Twenty to thirty per cent. deficiency is probable on the whole acreage, and high prices not only prevail now, but seem likely to hold during the winter.

THE BIRMINGHAM SHOW opens on the 1st of December, when Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke of Portland, and the Marquis of Lorne will be present. On the 3rd December the official visit to the Show will be paid by the Ducal President, and other eminent breeders of the Shires. The entries in the two sections of the Show are as follows:—Cattle, sheep, pigs, roots, and corn 620, poultry and pigeons 4,220. This is by far the largest entry ever recorded at Birmingham. The Council of the Show have wisely declined to receive Irish entries of stock, owing to the prevalence of disease in Ireland and the risks of transmarine passage.

THE SMITHFIELD SHOW entries have now closed, and they show a considerable increase upon last year. The increase is chiefly in cattle, the number of sheep and pigs not showing much change. The prizes are valued at 3,500*l.* The display of agricultural implements will undoubtedly be very fine; indeed, this branch of the Show is expected this year to surpass all previous attempts in the same department. The Prince of Wales, as President, will probably not only visit the Show, but also preside at the annual meeting.

THE ANTI-BEER ADULTERATION ASSOCIATION held a meeting at Canterbury last Saturday. The repeal of the malt duty has encouraged the substitution in brewing of other substances for malt, just as the repeal, long before, of the hop duty led to the use of substitutes for hops. It is maintained that much of the beer drunk contains neither malt nor hops. At the Canterbury meeting, which was promoted by the hop-growers of East Kent, it was proposed that the brewer and publican should be compelled to specify, so that no customer can be deceived, the ingredients of the beer made by the one class and retailed by the other.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have recently protested against the importation of cattle from countries where contagious and infectious maladies prevail. As their protest has been treated with contempt, or at least with utter neglect, it is now urged upon them to call a conference of all the Agricultural Societies in England to consider the matter. An unanimous vote from such a conference would, it is thought, have some weight with the Government, but we fear very much that an Administration strong enough or rash enough to defy the mandate of the House of Commons will not be stirred by any agricultural demonstration, however imposing. Six months ago the Lower House voted that these importations should be stopped, and the Upper House is admitted to be yet more strongly of the same view. The Government, therefore, are deliberately overriding the expressed will of the nation, their security probably being in the fact that, serious as it is to farmers, the cattle disease question is sure to be overshadowed by the approaching debates on the franchise.

THE NORFOLK SHOW, to be held next month, already looks to being a highly successful meeting. The Queen is going to send some cattle and pigs, the Prince of Wales will exhibit some cattle and sheep, and a number of eminent landowners in the county have promised their support. At least a dozen of the animals entered were distinguished in the young classes at the Smithfield Show last year. Scotch and cross-bred cattle will be well represented, and of course the Red Polls will be a fine show. The number of entries largely exceeds the figures of last year.

SHEEP.—We hear that the active demand made by breeders for dark-faced ewes to put into the flock has tended to produce a scarcity of the class of mutton which usually finds its way to market at this season of the year. Good sheep of all classes are scarce in the fat stock market, and the Cotswolds are in more favour than usual, for this is not a time when buyers of mutton can pick and choose. A pound of wool for once in a way is worth less than a pound of mutton, and the breeders of long-woolled sheep are undoubtedly labouring under a certain amount of discouragement. Speaking of the flock, we may mention that Dr. Voelcker has just contributed to the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society a paper in which he advocates a mixture of linseed cake and pea-meal as the best fattening food for young sheep.

A **STUD-BOOK FOR HACKNEYS**, and another for the various breeds of pigs, are now in progress for compilation.



THE TURF.—The Liverpool week hardly improved as it went on, but the Autumn Cup, notwithstanding the miserable acceptance produced a better race than was expected. Ten starters came to the post, and almost at the last minute Boswell passed all the previous favourites in the market, having the call of the trio of Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire contestants, Bendigo, Tonans, and Hackness. But what is more, he won, and it is hardly necessary to say that his form, compared with that he exhibited at the recent Houghton Meeting at Newmarket, elicited some emphatic comments. The Great Lancashire Handicap, with its grandiloquent prefix and entrance of thirty animals, only saw two at the post; and Springbok, with 4 to 1 on him, beat Linneus in a canter. The Third Aintree Hunt Steeplechase was won by Pudding, who may fairly claim to be one of our best cross-country animals. In marked contrast to the meagre fields at Liverpool were those at Alexandra Park, where no less than 135 runners contested the various events on the two days. Shrewsbury, this week, has shown some signs of revival, and with genial weather for the time of year the attendance reminded visitors of the palmy days of Mr. Frail's management. The Great Shropshire Handicap was set for the first day, and though only eight animals came to the post there was considerable interest felt in the race, as Medicus, the great Cambridgeshire "pot," and Thebais, who showed well in that race, were among the runners, to say nothing of Boswell, the hero of the Liverpool Cup. Medicus, it was said, had again been well tried at home, as he was before the Cambridgeshire, and he was once more made a great favourite, 11 to 4 being his starting price, and Thebais was next in demand. The finish was a pretty close one, and resulted in Thebais winning by a head from St. Vincent, with Picador third. Medicus never seemed to be "in it," and came in absolutely last. It must not, however, be forgotten that there are numerous instances on record of horses highly tried at home—though more than once in public they have disappointed their supporters—winning a good race one fine day. The Shrewsbury Cup was a genuine turn-up for the fielders, the outsider of the whole party of eight starters, in the shape of Donald, securing the prize. Corrie Roy, who shared the first favouritism with the unlucky Tonans at 5 to 2 each, was beaten by a length, and Vista was third. It is with great regret we have to mention the death of Mr. Hanbury, so long associated with the stable of Mr. Arthur Yates. He never recovered consciousness after his accident at Lewes. Messrs. Dickinson, of Bond Street, have in hand a large picture representing "The Lawn at Goodwood." It will contain many scores of portraits of sporting celebrities, and eventually assume the form of an engraving as a companion to "The Meet of the Four-in-Hand Club."

COURSING.—A large number of public meetings have been run off since our last notes. Of the more important stakes, the Scarisbrick Cup, at the South Lancashire gathering, was won by Mr. Crossley's Chieftain, the Southport Stakes by Mr. Sidebotham's Master Johnnie, and Mr. Mather's Meols Victor and Mr. Penrose's

Primrose took the two puppy prizes.—At the Vale of Avon and South Wilts Club Meeting, Mr. Wright's Heart of the Dale won the Longford Castle Stakes; and, at the North of England Club Meeting, the Ripon and Claro Produce Stakes fell to Mr. Sowerby's Slander.

FOOTBALL.—One of the most interesting games recently played has been that between the Blackburn Rovers and the Blackburn Olympic, the respective holders of the Lancashire Association and Football Association Challenge Cups. The match was for the benefit of the School of Art, recently established in their town. A very close game resulted in a draw, two goals being to the credit of each side.—The contest for the Association Cup has furnished more than one sensational surprise within the last few days, the Old Etonians having been beaten by Hendon, and the Royal Engineers by Windsor. The Etonians have never before been beaten except by the absolute winners of the Cup. In the same contest Birmingham Excelsior has beaten Small Heath Alliance, the Old Wykehamists the Upton Rangers, Acton Upton Park, Old Carthusians Reading Minster, and Staveley (Derbyshire) Middlesborough.—University teams have been very busy in all directions. In a Rugby game Cambridge has beaten Walthamstow, and Brentwood in an Association. Rugbywise Oxford, after a very close match, has beaten Richmond; and the Universities combined have beaten London in the third annual match.

ATHLETICS.—Yet another "record beaten"; the famous W. G. George, in the Ten Miles Handicap of the Blackheath Harriers, having run the distance in 52 min. 53 sec., 1 min. 3½ sec. less than his own best performance.—The Thames Hare and Hounds have introduced the novel idea of runners across country carrying weights as in Turf handicaps. The verdict of the athletic world seems strongly against the innovation.

BICYCLING.—The Championship of Paris, which is run over ten kilometres, the same distance as the Championship of France, has been won by the veteran De Civry, who beat eight other competitors. The winner's time was 20 min. 55 sec.

LACROSSE.—The good fight made by Dulwich against Cambridge pointed to a good match between the former and London, and so it turned out, though London won by four games to none.

BILLIARDS.—The great tournament, which extended over so many evenings at the Westminster Aquarium, resulted in the victory of Peall, though Mitchell and Taylor tied with him in the number of heats won.

AQUATICS.—The Coxswain-less Fours at Oxford created a good deal of interest. In the final heat between Brasenose and Corpus, the former were the favourites, but after a capital race the latter won by half a length. At both Universities practice for the Trial Eights is going on vigorously.



ON RECEIVING THE NEW LORD MAYOR last Friday Lord Coleridge spoke with regret of the demolition of the old Courts at Westminster, and said of the new Courts, in which the reception took place, that they formed a building "uncharacteristic, unattractive, and inconvenient."—The conference which Lord Coleridge held with some leading members of the Bar immediately on his return from the United States is now understood to have had reference, not to the admission of solicitors to plead in the Superior Courts, but to the proposal that American counsel should be permitted to defend O'Donnell.—It is expected that Mr. Justice Denman will preside at O'Donnell's approaching trial.

WEDNESDAY being the "Grand Day" of Michaelmas Term, the Benchers of the Middle Temple gave their usual dinner to distinguished guests, among whom were Mr. Gladstone, Lord Derby, and Lord Kimberley. The Premier received a cordial reception from the large assemblage of Benchers and students present.

ADDRESSING HIS CONSTITUENTS AT BOURNEMOUTH on Saturday, Mr. Horace Davey, Q.C., ridiculed as idle gossip the report that he had been promised a seat in the Government on account of his vote on the Suez Canal question. On the contrary, he said, it had greatly displeased his political friends. In the law suit arising out of the financing of the Alexandra Palace Mr. Davey, who is one of the counsel for the plaintiff, is said to have received a retaining fee of 200 guineas, a fee of 800 guineas on his brief, and a "refresher" of 50 guineas a day.

THE SPEAKER has appointed the Hon. Edward Chandos Leigh to be his Counsel and Examiner of Election Recognisances, in succession to the late Sir Francis Savage Reilly.

MR. HEALY, the Nationalist M.P. for Monaghan, is studying in Dublin for the Bar. Having applied for admission to the Law Students' Debating Society of the Irish capital, he was this week refused it.

TO THE NATURALIST the whale is a mammal, but in the eyes of the law of England it is a fish, and a Royal fish, which by whomsoever caught can, under certain circumstances, be rightfully claimed by the Lord of the Manor. A whale captured by a fisherman in the River Crouch off Foulness, in Essex, was being exhibited by the captor for his own benefit when Sir Henry Mildmay, as Lord of the Manor, applied for and received from Mr. Justice Chitty an interim injunction restraining the captor from parting with or damaging the whale. This week the fisherman consented to deliver up the whale, all the more cheerfully, no doubt, that, according to his statement in Court, he had derived no profit from exhibiting it.

AT BOW STREET a magisterial investigation is proceeding into a very grave charge against Thomas Hoseason, lately captain of a merchant vessel, for having conspired with the head of a firm at Libau to load his vessel with a worthless cargo at that port, and to endeavour to run it ashore, so as to recover the heavy sum for which the cargo was insured. The vessel was not run ashore, but it was disabled, and Hoseason is accused of having, when it was being towed to Gothenburg, unnecessarily thrown much of the cargo overboard, in order to defraud the underwriters. The cargo was insured for more than 40,000*l.*, and evidence was adduced in support of the allegation that 1,600*l.* was nearer its value. The case is still pending, but in the course of the proceedings the sitting magistrate, Sir James Ingham, expressed his willingness to issue a warrant against the Libau merchant who had supplied the cargo, in order that he might be arrested should he come to this country.

THE HEARING OF THE SUMMONS for an alleged libel by *July* on the Central News Company came to an end at the Mansion House on Monday. Mr. Alderman Knight expressed his opinion that the libel was of a trivial kind, and was willing to deal with the charge there and then. The defendants, however, preferred to go before a jury.

ON TUESDAY the well-known Mrs. Weldon appeared in person, before Sir James Hannen, to move for an attachment against her husband for non-compliance with an order of the Court directing a restitution of conjugal rights. Mr. Weldon had supplied her with a residence and an allowance, but refused to live with her, and no formal deed of separation had been executed. Sir James Hannen took time to consider his decision.

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Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain. His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

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AN ARTIST'S VISIT TO THE RIVER CONGO, IV.

FAC-SIMILES OF SKETCHES MADE BY MR. H. H. JOHNSTON, F.Z.S., DURING HIS
JOURNEY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

AFTER SOME SEVEN MONTHS' ABSENCE from civilisation, I once more found myself among people more or less fashionably dressed, and who, fresh from Europe, regarded me curiously as I walked about the deck in my tattered garments and cumbrous boots. Faraji, Mafta, and Imbono had said their last good-byes, and the boat which bore them back to the shore was disappearing fast from my view in the evening mists that swathed the swampy coast; the Krumen who had accompanied me from Vivi had also gone, in haste to spend the little money-presents I had given them; I felt singularly and sadly alone—somewhat like a fallen potentate. Here were people who, far from shrinking from my frown, simply glared me into subjection by calmly reviewing me and my shabby habiliments through their insolent eyeglasses. The stewards were far from deferential, and seemed scarcely to credit my right to travel first class. However, I ran-sacked my battered trunks, and managed to find in them some old remnants of respectable clothing; but when I sat down at the end of a long table d'hôte with the spick-and-span Portuguese officials and their wives, who were carrying with them into their African exile as much flavour of fashionable Lisbon as they could wear on their persons, I felt myself to be a great barbarian, and almost wished to be back in the centre of Africa, where I should once more lead the "ton." However, at last the beautiful Bay of Loanda opened out before us, and I knew myself to be among friends. I walked hurriedly up through the sandy streets, to a blue and white house situated on an eminence overlooking the town, from whose roof the Union Jack rose proudly into the still air. The Consul was looking out of his study window, and thought I was either a beggar or a "degraded" come to solicit work, but when I looked up at him and laughed he welcomed me as one come from the dead (perhaps more heartily than in that case), and I was soon enjoying the English comforts and accessories of his pleasant home.

The first river of any importance lying in a southward direction from the Congo is the Quanza, which Monteiro justly calls the "Gem of Angola." This fine stream, which is navigable by river steamers for nearly 250 miles from its mouth, has been in the possession of the Portuguese, during parts of its lower course, ever since the end of the fifteenth century, and at no time has it been completely alienated from their power; even when the Dutch occupied São Paul de Loanda, at the time of the Spanish Conquest of Portugal in the seventeenth century, the Quanza remained faithful to its first conquerors, and Muxima, a town on that river, was for some time the capital of Portuguese West Africa.

The River Quanza is situated at about 200 miles from the mouth of the Congo, and enters the sea in 9° S. latitude. In some ways it may be taken as a natural history boundary, many peculiar West African animals and plants not straying far south of its banks. It is an important commercial channel, and Dondo, which is situated some two hundred miles from the sea, is a great emporium of Central African trade, and attracts to its markets the products of the far interior, of the Rivers Quango and Kassai, both of them huge affluents of the Congo (the Kassai being Stanley's Mobindu or Ikelemba), and all the outward trade of the Muata Yanvo's Empire. In fact, one may say without exaggeration that the trade of the Upper Quanza has relations with Nyangwé and the East Coast.

Although, during the Portuguese decadence of the last century, the establishments and commerce of the Quanza fell into complete decay, still during the last half century great efforts have been made to resuscitate them. Silva Americano, a Brazilian, Oliveira Massango, and other Brazilo-Portuguese merchants, got up a service of excellent river steamboats to navigate the Quanza and develop its trade. These boats are now being worked on behalf of the Company of an enterprising English firm, Messrs. Newton and Carnegie, of Loanda, and it was at their courteous invitation that I visited this river in detail by means of the comfortable steamers of the Quanza Navigation Company. Travelling here is very different, very different indeed, from what it is on the Congo. It is quite as comfortable as and slightly more interesting than a journey up the Rhine. Not only is the scenery very pretty and thoroughly African, but the river contains more history than, perhaps, any other part of Tropical Africa; for, as I have before remarked, the Quanza has been continuously occupied by Portugal since the fifteenth century, and can show on its banks many signs of the former puissance and religious fervour of that interesting country.

The Quanza, like most African rivers, has a bar, over which the surf dashes furiously, and where very careful steering is needed. You cannot always cross it, and often the little *Oliveira Massango* has to toss about outside, waiting till the tide rises high enough to take her over the bar. There is a large establishment at the bar of the Quanza, on the northern shore, belonging to Messrs. Newton and Carnegie, where the steamers are repaired. It is said to be a somewhat unhealthy locality, from the marshy, mangrove-grown surroundings. I always feel that the mangrove-tree is unjustly abused. The marshes may be bad and unwholesome, but I cannot see that the mangrove makes them any worse; rather, I should think, it mitigated their bad effect by absorbing so much of the stagnating moisture. To any one with a sense of form and beauty, the mangrove must at once commend itself, for it is one of the most quaintly-picturesque trees I know. The extraordinary shapes and attitudes it assumes, with its many roots, its root-like branches,

Here and there are to be seen little homesteads, embowered in castor-oil plants, one of the few indigenous productions that Africa can proudly boast of as her own, and surrounded by many goats, fowls, ducks, and pigs. As the steamer approaches, little naked children, with big heads and prominent stomachs, come running up, the women commence to shout and the men to clap their hands, and all the prick-eared dogs and querulous fowls assemble to see the monster go by. There are many bitterns, darters, cormorants, egrets, and other water-birds haunting the river banks; and the Portuguese passengers on board annoy me very much by continually popping at them—a uselessly cruel practice, which is rendering the navigable parts of African rivers nearly as devoid of wild creatures as our English Thames. The hippopotami, crocodiles, manatis, and the many water-birds are inevitably becoming scarce and shy on the Quanza, from the iniquitous practice that passengers on board the river steamers possess of continually firing at everything. As it

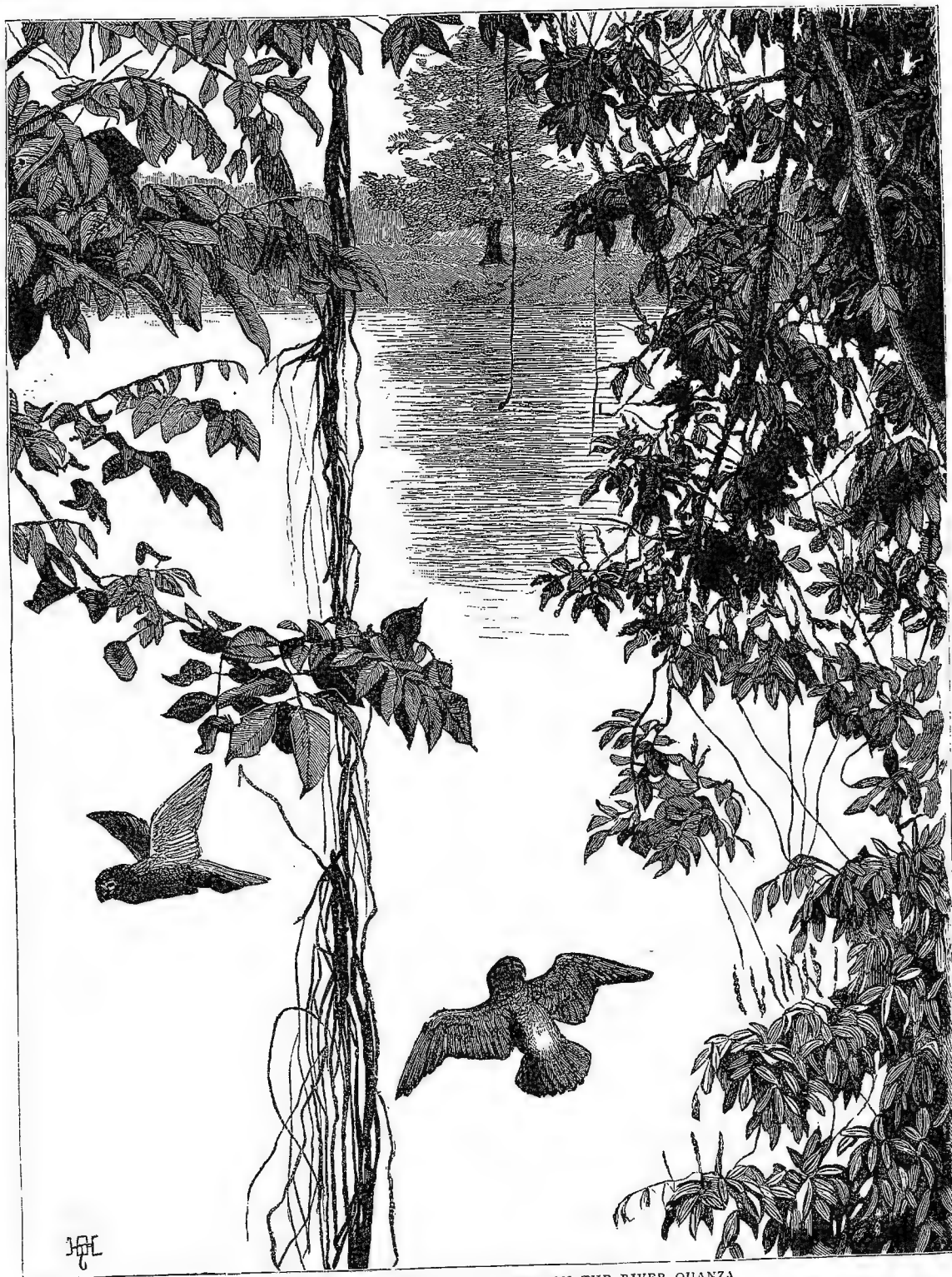
is impossible to pick up the things they kill, it is a pure waste of life, decidedly calculated to exasperate a lover of Nature. I can't even admit that the crocodiles ought to be killed at all times and all opportunities, because they are dangerous creatures. On that plea the crocodile could quite justify himself for eating an occasional man. It looks very picturesque to see these great reptiles lying asleep on the sand-banks, and if they do occasionally eat a native, I am sure the population of the Quanza is sufficiently dense to allow of an individual being spared to the crocodile once in a way, to encourage their picturesque appearance.

The first place of any importance up the Quanza is Bom Jesus (so called from an old convent of that name). Here are immense plantations of pine-apples, bananas, and other tropical fruits, and the sugar-cane is extensively cultivated and turned into aguardente, the cheap spirit so largely used in these countries. Beyond Bom Jesus and Calumbo, the point where the telegraph poles diverge from the Quanza River to Loanda, is Cunga, an interesting place, about seventy miles up the river, where we arrived after the first day's travelling. Here you generally change from the *Oliveira Massango* into the *Silva Americano*, the boat used for navigating the shallow parts of the Upper River.

Cunga is a great market-place, whither the natives of the most distant regions flock to sell their coffee, india-rubber, palm-oil, and cotton for cloth, beads, and gin. I give here a sketch of an assemblage of natives, congregated under a great cocoa-nut palm, in proximity to a rather tumble-down factory-house. These people have come nearly all the way from the River Congo with sacks of native coffee. The coffee plant grows wild on the highlands of West Africa.

Near Cunga there is rather an interesting lagoon, although I believe the permanent inhabitants think it unhealthy. Papyrus grows here most luxuriantly, and the shallow borders of the sheet of water are covered with the shark's-tooth water lily. The "sensitive plant" is abundant everywhere; but there are also myriads of beautiful and gaudy wild flowers, that give a bright, attractive look to the surrounding country. What little cultivation there is in the neighbourhood is principally in cotton. The scenery beyond Cunga commences to be really pretty. The low banks of the river give place to limestone cliffs, which are reflected in the glassy river as in a mirror, and repeat all their details in the still water, even to the intricate boughs and weird "candelabras" of the baobabs and euphorbias that crown their summits. Then in between the cliffs come little valleys of rich green, with oil-palms and acacias. From the latter a rich and fragrant scent is wafted across the water. The constantly-recurring cliffs are charmingly tapestried with greenery, and strongly suggest the scenery of Derbyshire or the Wye. Beautiful trees bend over the river, and make the banks seem singularly English, and, except where the grasses are too tall, or a bit of papyrus intrudes, or an occasional palm shows his head, there is nothing at first sight to convince the traveller that he is not ascending an English river. At times, too, the river, with its smooth green lawns planted with clumps of cotton-wood trees (which bear a faint resemblance to cedars) and an occasional *Lugueira*, calls back to one the banks of the Thames, and the illusion is heightened by the chance sight of a white house here and there, sufficiently masked with vegetation to hide the manifest architectural discrepancies which would appear on a nearer acquaintance.

Muxima, or, as we pronounce it in English, Mushima, on the



PHILODENDRON ROOTS AND CREEPER ON THE RIVER QUANZA

and root-like seed, are always varied and unexpected, while the delicate tracery of its leaves against the sky and the columnar masses of foliage remind one of the poplars on French rivers. But the mangrove has also sound practical usefulness to recommend it to those for whom artistic beauty is not sufficient. Its wood is excellent; hard, red, and of close grain, and can be turned to many a useful end. In one way alone the mangroves deserve some gratitude from the Quanza Navigation Company, for they furnish the steamers with all their fuel. The trees are cut down and sawn up into little logs, which are stored at certain places of call on the Lower River, ready for the steamers to take on board. The saving of expense in the substitution of mangrove wood for coal is enormous.

As we begin to journey up the river, first little stretches of bright green lawns break the monotony of mangroves, then comes a fringe of dwarf palm (*Phanix spinosa*), an occasional oil palm soon appears, and little by little the mangrove yields its hold on the firmer soil, and signs of cultivation become increasingly frequent.

south side of the river, is one of the oldest European settlements on the river. I have already referred to its ancient importance as the capital of the Portuguese possessions in West Africa. It has now fallen terribly into decay, and there appear to be few Europeans residing here. An old fort surmounts a scarped and naked hill in the background, but the most prominent object is the handsome old church, more than two hundred years old, which overhangs the river. It is whitewashed, with a red-tiled roof and a pretty belfry, but the whitewash has evidently concealed a great deal of handsome surface decoration. The remainder of the town is all shabby tumble-down native houses. On the opposite side of the river are magnificent groves of oil-palms. Palms and cottonwood trees are somewhat more abundant on the north bank than on the south. It is curious also to remark that Muxima is the only place on the south bank of the Quanza occupied by the Portuguese, the remaining part of the country lying on this side of the river being independent, and belonging to two somewhat turbulent tribes, the Quissamas and the Libollos.

This is now the dry season, and the woods seem naked and bare on the hills, although down by the water's edge the trees are ever-green, and their verdure is very rich.

The river offers a splendid expanse of water at Volta do Diablo (the Devil's Turn, or Loop), where the outlying lake of Ngolome is seen, with the distant mountains of Cassanze behind it. The Quanza is here a far more imposing stream than at its mouth.

At Massangano, the Lucalla, a large stream, enters the Quanza, from Duque de Bragança and the rich district to the north-east.

There is an ancient fortress at Massangano, and many other relics of former grandeur and power. A handsome causeway, now somewhat ruined, winds down to the river, with solid stone steps and a well-carved balustrade.

The lands along the Lucalla form some of the most desirable properties in Africa. They will grow everything that does grow in the Tropics, and in oranges alone form a considerable item in the produce of the Lucalla district. The scenery on the Quanza grows increasingly picturesque. Rich bosky woods border the water, and exhale a fragrance of woodland scents mingled with the delicious perfume of the mimosa blossoms. The river is often studded with little islands which exhibit in miniature every variety of scenery. They have their forests, mountains, dales, and even brooklets to imitate real streams. Their green shores are prettily fringed with a belt of white sand, whereon the crocodiles lie asleep.

The banks of the Quanza are crowned with long, long rows of oil-palms, ever increasing in number, like ranks of a great conquering army that holds possession of the country. Down near the shore, too, are many tobacco plantations.

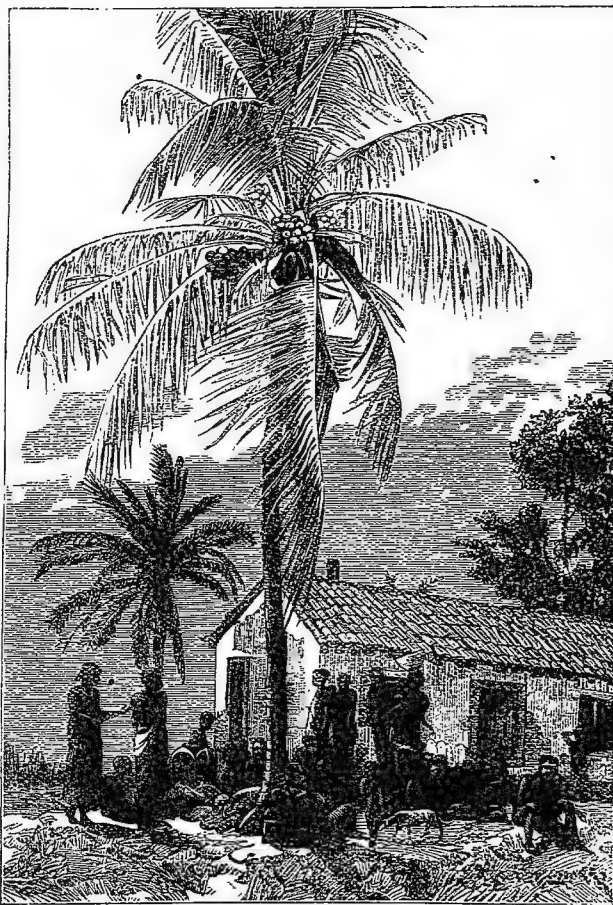
On one of the many shifting sandbanks the steamer runs aground, and all the Cabinda men on board have to jump into the water and push us off. They seem to me to greatly risk being snapped up by a crocodile, but perhaps the noise and shouting frightens those creatures away. After about four days' voyaging we reach Dondo, the greatest Portuguese town on the river, at over two hundred miles from its mouth. This place is very hot and somewhat unhealthy, and its appearance is rather unprepossessing. The Quanza is also plain and uninteresting in scenery hereabouts. The inhabitants of Dondo, demoralised by the heat, no doubt, are inhospitable, fearful gamblers, and terribly immoral. They all look listless, miserable, and careworn. The town is of considerable extent, and is divided into several large and not ill-built squares. There is a Government doctor, a hospital, a powder magazine without a roof, and a church in the same condition; also a club, where the Dondoeses play "batote" until six in the morning. The place is apparently very populous, and there is always a large assemblage of natives from the far interior who come down to Dondo to exchange their ivory, ground-nuts, and other country products. There are people from Cassange, the turbulent Bangalas, who wear strange monkey caps, made from the skin of a *colobus* monkey, with long black-and-white hair. It is a curious coincidence that the same monkey-skin caps are worn by natives on the Upper Congo, and also that there is a well-known race on that river also called Bangala. Dondo is a splendid place to study types of Bantu people. You have here, besides the Bangala, occasional specimens of Balunda, of the natives of the Muata Yanvo's Kingdom, and of races more remotely placed in the interior of Africa. There are Quissamas and Libollos from the south and south-east, Congo people from the north, and representatives of all the important Angolan tribes, Ambaquistas, and others. What Dondo might be made in the hands of a richer and more vigorous Power than Portugal it is difficult to say; but, even as it is, we must not forget to give the Portuguese their due. Of all the European Powers that rule in Tropical Africa, none have pushed

are nearly entirely native soldiers. The country is so thickly populated, that the inhabitants could in a moment sweep away the Portuguese if they disliked their rule. What Portugal wants for the development of her magnificent colonies is money and men. She is too



Banks of Quanza River

poor and too thinly populated to be able to supply these essentials herself, and she is too much afraid of foreign aggression to invite them from other nations. Take, for example, the Ambaca Railway.



Coffee Market at Cunha, River Quanza

This line, from São Paulo de Loanda to the heart of Angola, would bring all the trade of South-Central Africa into Portuguese hands, especially if it were extended to the River Quango, where it would somewhat tap the Congo trade. Yet, although the Portuguese know better than any one else its importance and feasibility, and have already made capital Governmental surveys to ascertain the difficulties and expense that would stand in the way, they are unable of themselves to find the money necessary to the making of this line, and at the same time refuse to grant the concession to either an English or American Company.

Then there is the question of the Loanda water supply. São Paulo de Loanda is the only place fitted to be a great African capital between Senegal and Cape Town. It has a magnificent land-locked bay, which, with a little dredging, would simply be one of the finest harbours in the world. Loanda alone has an imperial look as it rises on its red hills above the glassy-blue bay. But it has no local water supply. The wells only give a brackish, unwholesome fluid, and every drop of water you drink, and every drop that you water your gardens with, must be brought in casks from the River Bengo, fourteen miles away. Now it would be neither difficult nor very expensive to make an aqueduct either from the Quanza, sixteen miles distant, or from the nearer River Bengo. (The Quanza should be made the water supply of Loanda, as its water is much wholesomer than that of the Bengo.) Only of course it would cost some thousand pounds, which the Portuguese are not

prepared to spend. So Loanda, the greatest European city of Tropical Africa, remains to this day dependent for its drinking water on the arrival of a fleet of little sailing boats. The more one travels in Africa, the more one arrives at the conclusion that the Portuguese have got the pick of the coastlands; but unfortunately another conviction forces itself upon the mind, that they have far more than they can be reasonably expected to develop. There is no reason why they should sell, cede, or exchange them, but let them be thrown open unreservedly to all comers and all capitalists, and Portugal will soon, as their suzerain, become a wealthy Power.

But to return to the Quanza.

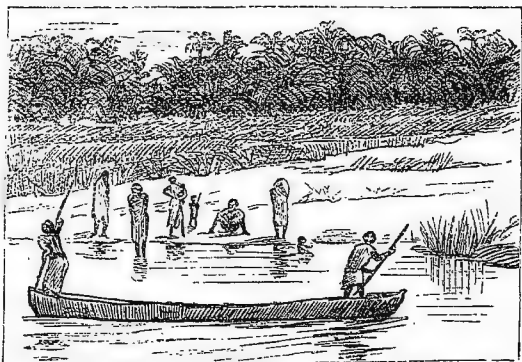
This river is hardly navigable for a steamer beyond Dondo, but in a rowing boat you can proceed to within two miles of the Falls. I made a very pleasant excursion thither in company with the two engineers of the *Silva Americana*, both fellow-countrymen. After leaving Dondo the river became increasingly shut in by mountains, and the scenery verged on being grand, and certainly succeeded in being beautiful. The colour of the earth in the scarped cliffs and hill-sides that overhung the stream was deep purple-red, and the forest at their bases, on their summits, and occasionally creeping over their precipitous sides, was of the richest verdure. It was just the beginning of spring, and the baobabs and other deciduous trees were putting out tender green leaves, and the flowers of the many creeping *Cucurbitaceae* were radiantly beautiful. We stopped half-way on our journey to see some limekilns belonging to a Portuguese of the name of Monteiro, which were situated on the south side of the river, really out of Portuguese domination, for the south bank of the Quanza is practically independent. It is for this reason, perhaps, that slavery is practised here, and the proprietor of the limekilns related to us with some glee how his slaves found it no good running away now, because since he had commenced paying the Quissamas (the native tribes) 5/ a head for each recaptured slave they found it useless to try and escape. There were said to be some coal-mines in the neighbourhood of this place, and the slaves objected, I believe, to work in them. Otherwise, they seemed well-treated, clothed, and fed, and had no reason for leaving their present master beyond the desire to be free, which means with the negro to eat, drink, and do nothing. Wherever the Portuguese really rule, actual slavery is not

practised, but a regularised system of apprenticeship is in vogue, which practically amounts to the same thing. And to make any outcry against this is ridiculous. Somebody must till the soil, and if left to himself the negro will prefer not to be the "somebody." He will never work unless he is obliged. Among the independent tribes domestic slavery is universally practised, and when the country comes to be ruled by a civilising power, although slavery may be rightly, from principle, abolished, some system of enforced labour must be invented to take its place. And the Portuguese idea of apprenticing under Government supervision all minors whose parents or relations consent to it, and all indigent persons who apply for relief, for the present, at any rate, fills up the terrible want of manual labour.

Up above the limekilns were some bright red cliffs, to which we climbed. Here were embedded an amazing quantity of fossil leaves, branches, &c. A great pressure seemed to have been put upon these vegetable remains, so that they lay packed in tight compressed layers, and these could be split up into thin flakes, which divided almost naturally, and exhibited perfectly preserved the reproduction of the original form of the leaves in stone. Most of the leaves were recognisable, and could be identified with the surrounding vegetation. There was a pretty peep from these heights down at the shining river, looking through the budding branches of the baobab trees which still retained the pendent calabashes of the previous season.

This country is known to be very rich in copper mines, but I believe they are all at present unworked.

As we arrive at the last point where a small boat can approach the rapids with safety, the scenery undergoes a sensible change. All the bright verdant forest disappears, and there is nothing but harsh, bare rock. We leave the boat, and make our way with considerable difficulty over the huge boulders that strew the shore to a point just overhanging the last great rapid, or fall, of the Quanza. Here this large river, longer in course than the Rhine or Loire, has to pass through one narrow slit, literally not more than eight feet across, between two towering masses of black basalt. You can imagine with what fury and clamour the angry river roars and boils at the restrictions placed on its free course by the jealous rocks. It does, indeed, look remarkable, this almost continuous rocky bar across the broad stream of the Quanza. The appearance of it suggests that the river flowed right over it once in a grand cascade, but that, having found a weak place, the water sawed a deep slit, or chasm, through the rocks. Here, with the most elementary engineering, a bridge might be made across the Quanza. Nature has already done nearly all the work.



Banks of Quanza



A Street in Dondo, River Quanza

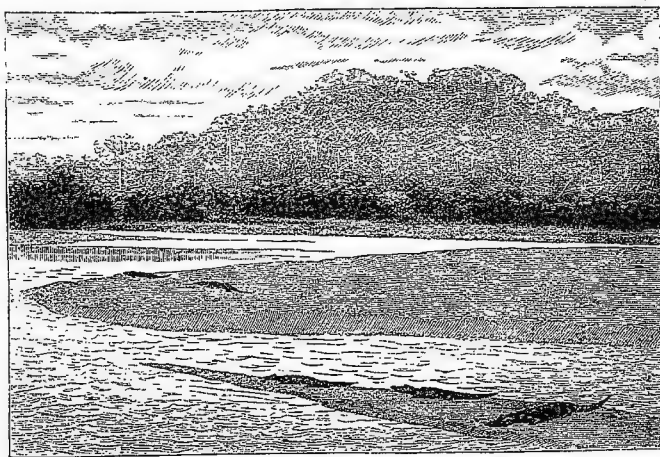
On the hill that surmounts the rapids from the northern shore stands Cambambe, an abandoned Portuguese settlement, once, some centuries ago, a flourishing town. It is said to have been given up

their influence so far into the interior as Portugal. And the Portuguese rule more by influence over the natives than by actual force. The garrisons at Dondo, Malange, and other places in the interior range, perhaps, from fifty to two hundred men, and these

in favour of Dondo, but this is hardly a good reason for its abandonment, for it is not only a natural fortress, but it is a much healthier site. Only natives live there now, although the place still contains fine European buildings that a little trouble might put into repair. There is a fine old church, the interior now ruined, and filled with large trees. A tablet inside bears the date of 1670 (?) The two last figures are somewhat illegible, but there is no doubt about the "16." There is a fort also in ruins, and a building that appears to have been a Governor's palace. At the base of Cambambe Hill are some fine groves of oranges, limes, and mangoes. Beyond the first rapids the Quanza again becomes navigable, but although its source has been visited and its position determined, very little of its upper course is known, and much of the Quanza is or ought to be still marked on the map in dotted lines. It is curious that it rises within a few days' journey from the source of the Cunéné, that other great river of Portuguese Lower Guinea, and that these two rivers between them may almost be said to bound the Portuguese possessions.

In spite of the variations in European spelling, few who look at the African names of rivers between six degrees north of the Equator and the Cape of Good Hope can fail to be struck with the prevalence of two prefixes to river names which seem to be so widespread and prevalent among the Bantu peoples. These are *Ku* and *Lu* (Li). *Ku* is in all probability the same as the infinitival prefix so common to nearly all the Kaffir-Congo languages. What *Lu* means I am not sure, but I think it indicates water. *Ku* evidently makes the name of the river into a verb, "To flow," "To be great" (the exact translation of *Ku-néné*, the Portuguese *Cunéné* River), "To fall" (as *Ku-angu* = Quango), and so on. Thus we have *Ku-anza* = Quanza; *Ku-ongo* = Congo; *Ku-ando*, Kubango, *Ku-ilu*, and

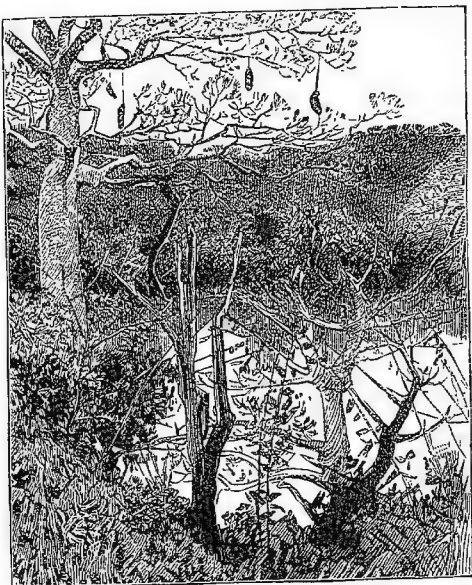
there stretches southward a great expanse of green, interspersed with gleams of water, that we feel sure is *not* the mirage. Life of some sort begins to manifest itself. A dejected jackal slinks away from the skeleton of a dead ox, off which he has been tearing the last remnants of hide. Then the usual scapulated crows come



The River Quanza—Crocodiles on Sand Banks

hopping about after the grasshoppers. Diversified vegetation begins to appear, then follow signs of occasional culture—here and there a patch of ground cleared for maize; and presently we enter on a prosperous cotton plantation, where numbers of labourers are at work. We began to hope that our haven of rest was at hand, and we constantly inquired of our guides when we should arrive at the Fazenda to which we had letters of recommendation. "A little farther, a little farther," they monotonously replied, and soon the sun was in the zenith, and still we trudged on through the ankle-deep sand by the side of the waggon, continually following the windings of the great plain of verdure which in the dry season constitutes the River Croque. At length in the afternoon we descried, very, very distant, a group of white buildings on the edge of a precipitous plateau overhanging the river valley. "Was that the Fazenda?" The guides shook their heads doubtfully, and we began to despair. The path, instead of going straight towards these buildings, meandered about among the high plateaux, but this was to be understood, as the valley was nearly all marsh and lagoon, and in many places quite impassable. At length, when there seemed to be but one hour of daylight left, Lord Mayo, becoming impatient of our slow progress, left the waggon, with his European servant and our Kruboy cook, and endeavoured to reach the distant house by means of a short cut across the valley, leaving the waggon to toil slowly along the winding path, while I, exhausted with my twenty-four hours' walk, lay and slept a feverish sleep within. On the whole, it was well for me that I stuck to the waggon (one of my *idées fixes* in travelling is "always go where your luggage goes"), for Lord Mayo's experiences were, to say the least, trying. His short cut across the valley soon landed him in a marsh, in which he sank up to his middle. Extricating himself from this, he stumbled into a lagoon, and had to swim across to the opposite bank. Finally he reached the longed-for house at eight o'clock in the evening, alone, soaked through, and his teeth chattering with cold, and unable to make himself understood in Portuguese to the naturally astonished proprietor of the lonely Fazenda. However, Lusitanian hospitality never disappoints one, and although Lord

looked out with dreamy surprise at our surroundings. By the grey moonlight I could see that we had come to a standstill on the outskirts of a cotton plantation, and the oxen were greedily sucking up the water from a clayey puddle. The guides came up to me with dolorous faces, and declared they could drive the beasts no farther, that they were mad with thirst, and that moreover there was no longer any road to follow, and that we must have lost the track. As it was very cold, the prospect of sleeping in the waggon was not very tempting, so I told the men that, having arrived at a cotton plantation, the house of its owner could not be far off, and that I would try and find my way there on foot. Leaving the waggon and the weary oxen, who had lain down, I walked on through the furrows of the plantation, walked on for several miles, and still no signs of a house. At last I struck into a path, with what joy you can imagine, and following this track gradually left the cotton behind me, and walked out into a blank desert, where the path completely disappeared. This was an unpleasant disappointment, and my situation was not agreeably enhanced by the sarcastic laughs of the hyenas and the dismal wailing of the jackals who hovered round me, and yet were invisible in the waning moonlight. Just as I was beginning to despair, feeling that I was lost, and condemned to wander without ceasing all the night, I saw against the horizon a long low black line, which might have seemed at any other time a merely regular ridge of rock, but that, to my intense relief, I saw a light playing about it. I began to shout loudly in Portuguese, and some black figures came towards me with some trepidation. They were the watchmen of the Fazenda, and I heard with inexpressible pleasure that I had arrived at the right place, although Lord Mayo had not been heard of.



Banks of Quanza

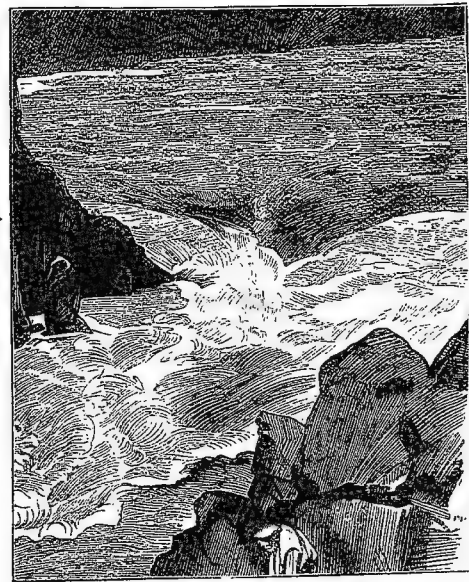
a host of others all over the Continent. And then amongst the most prominent river-names which take *Lu* or *Li* for their prefix may be mentioned *Lu-álaba*, *Lu-figi*, *Li-mpopo* (Limpopo), *Li-ambizi* (Zambezi), *Lu-calla*, *Lu-mémi*, &c.

In order to visit the Cunéné River I went first to Mossâmedes, a Portuguese port in the southernmost province, or division, of Angola, in S. latitude 15° 30'. I was indebted to the kindness of Captain the Hon. Algernon Littleton for reaching Mossâmedes, as he gave me a passage on board his ship, H.M.S. *Rambler*. On arriving at Mossâmedes I joined Lord Mayo's expedition to the River Cunéné, and had a most enjoyable trip into a fine hunting country. Whilst we were waiting at Mossâmedes for the arrival of the Boer waggons that were to take us into the interior, Lord Mayo and myself passed the time away with an interesting and amusing excursion to the River Croque, almost, if not quite, the most southern Portuguese settlement on the South-West Coast of Africa. The road from Mossâmedes to the River Croque lies for more than forty miles over absolute desert, and during the whole of that distance not a drop of water can be obtained till the first plantation on the Croque is reached, and the tired oxen that dragged our car from Mossâmedes had to travel for some twenty-four consecutive hours without being watered or fed. Yet the journey was not devoid of interest. By day we were beguiled by the splendid mirages that ever and anon converted the simmering distance into an enchanting lake, with great reaches of water and nodding palm-trees—so marvellous in their illusion, and so evidently in part reflections or refractions of reality, that even our native guides were deceived, and cried with premature exultation, "There is the river," only to see it fluctuate, break up, melt away, and appear again. And at night, when the splendid moon uprose, and a lesser day supervened, it was pleasant to walk over the crisp sand by the side of the waggon, whilst the smoking oxen were quickening their pace at the smell of the distant water; and as the moon sinks and fades in her turn, for a few brief hours before the dawn the Southern constellations come out in all their glory; the Milky Way, like a great torn wreath of "tulle," stretches in a half-circle with bright diamonds entangled in it, stretches in a half-circle across the heavens, and above it towers the Southern Cross. Whilst we are still plodding on by the side of the car which carries our luggage, a sharp cold wind sweeps over the desert from the distant sea, bringing with it a dense fog, that distils a heavy, clammy dew. This is the "Cacimbo," or morning mist, that regularly accompanies the dry season in Angola. It lasts some half-hour, and then disappears as quickly as it came, rolling up like a stage-curtain, and showing us the radiant sun well up in the sky, whilst to our joy



Banks of Quanza, with Euphorbias in Background

Mayo was unknown, and had, moreover, come to the wrong place after all, he was taken in, warmed, fed, and fitted out with a temporary change of clothes by his kindly host, and was comfortably regaling himself with a glass of grog, and making himself understood in broken Spanish, when his two servants turned up, half dead or half drowned, and were also "taken in and done for." In the mean time, the waggon which carried our luggage, and my sleeping form superadded, went lumbering on for hours over the stony hills, the poor oxen moaning wearily with hunger, thirst, and fatigue. At length a sudden accelerated rush of the vehicle, followed by a dead stop and a jerk, woke me up suddenly, and I



Falls of Quanza at Cambambé

The inmates of the dwelling house were knocked up—it was one in the morning—and received me not spitefully on that account, but with the thorough sympathy and kindness you may always look for from a Portuguese. I was soon enjoying a basin of antelope soup before a fine wood fire—for the nights were bitterly cold in the dry season, and frost was on the ground—and after we had had a merry gossip over my adventures I was shown into a comfortable bedroom, and felt indeed rejoiced at not having hyenas for my bed fellows after all. In the morning Lord Mayo rode over from his Fazenda to see if I had arrived at the right one, and we had the pleasure of finding that each one of us had come out of our difficulties with nothing worse than a long tale of adventure. As the accommodation at these two fazendas was respectively limited we continued to lodge apart, but as our kind hosts lent us horses we were able to ride over and see one another every day, and went together on several pleasant little hunting excursions. There is not now so much game left in the Croque Valley as used formerly to make its lagoons and desert shores such an attractive place to Portuguese sportsmen. Oryxes may still be found there, the same creature as the South African gemsbok. Zebras are rare, and the lion is consequently less abundantly found than formerly, when big game was unscored by attempts at colonisation. The most common and easily obtained sport is gazelle shooting, with a little occasional raid on the waterfowl of the lagoons. The plantations on the Croque are almost entirely devoted to cotton-growing, and, I believe, with some success. The great question, of course, is labour. On the Fazenda, where I was staying, São João Bento do Sul, about 500 hired labourers were employed on the Governmental apprenticeship system. Of course this practically amounts to a sort of slavery, but it is as free from abuses as any plan of forced labour can be, and the labourers seem happy and contented, and after fifteen years' service are able to retire each with a little competence. They are engaged for periods of seven years, and at the conclusion of each term are free to change their employer. The contract must always be made and renewed before a Government official, and the employer has to deposit a large sum of caution money, which he forfeits in case of any breach of contract on his part.

Most of the cotton plantations in the Valley of the Croque, a river, by-the-bye, that only flows every few years, are situated at varying distances from Porto Aleixandro, the farthest being twenty-two miles away. Porto Aleixandro is a small Portuguese town with a tiny garrison at the mouth of the Croque, where there is a rising trade in dried fish. It would benefit these forgotten regions immensely were the Portuguese Government to extend their excellent service of mail-boats, which already run from Lisbon to Mossâmedes.

We left Mossâmedes for the interior in some waggons hired by Lord Mayo from the Boers, who emigrated in 1874 from the Transvaal, and in 1880 established themselves on grants of land from the Portuguese Government in the healthy and fertile district of Huilla. For the better understanding of our route to the Cunéné, I will give you a hasty sketch of the physical geography of this part of South-Western Africa. Shortly after the Congo is passed, to the southward, begins very gradually a constantly widening strip of barren coast land. From a region of a mile or so in width at Ambriz, it increases at São Paulo de Loanda to fifteen miles, and at Mossâmedes to seventy. When this cheerless district is passed (in some places you have forty miles at a stretch without a drop of water), you arrive at the first range of mountains which lead up to the



Benguéla, Portuguese Africa

Humbi is the only point at which the Portuguese really possess a fort and a garrison, or, indeed, *any* settlement whatever on the Cunéné. And here they only exist on sufferance as it were, or, in other words, they rely on their good relations with the inhabitants to maintain their moral ascendancy. The real ruler of Humbi is Shaunga, who rules over about 80,000 subjects. The district is much populated, but not quite close to the river banks, on account of the periodical and wide-spreading floods. The Ma-humbi belong to the Ova-mpo race, and are distantly allied in language to the Ova-herrero, or Damaras. A short note about the etymology of these three names may be of use. The "Ova" in Ova-mpo, Ova-herrero, is a variation of the prevalent plural prefix applied to all animated beings in the Bantu or Kafir-Congo tongues. It is variably Ba (the more classical and primitive—Ba-téké, Ba-yansi), Wa (Wa-suahili, Wanyamwesi), Ma—as in Ma-humbi, and Ama-zulu; and Ova, as above cited. Damara, as in Damaraland, is really a barbarous corruption of the Hottentot Damana, a variant plural of Damap, the Hottentot name given to the Ova-herrero. Damaqua would, perhaps, be a more correct form, as in Namaqua (Namaqualand), the plural of Namap.

The scenery round Humbi can only be described by a somewhat hackneyed term, "park-like." It is, however, singularly applicable to what one sees in the Valley of the Cunéni; and I can think of no better words to express the formal beauty of the landscapes along the course of the Great River. Perhaps they more closely resemble Botanical Gardens than anything else. It is hard to believe that the aspect of the place is purely owing to Nature, and that the symmetrical distribution of the clumps of trees and shrubs is not due to the hand of man. There are groups of graceful fan-

palms (*Hyphane*), standing at certain apparently regulated intervals from one another, and fringed at their bases with a circle of bright-flowering plants. Then there will be in many a turfy glade a fine spreading baobab, its great trunk only needing to be encircled by a wooden seat for one to conjure up the nursemaids and novels and their restless charges at Kew. Beautiful clumps of a kind of jasmine, each forming quite a bouquet in itself, impregnate the still air with the sweet perfume of their large waxen flowers; and what



A Lagoon on River Cunēnē

still more adds to the illusion that it is not a wilderness but a park, is the short velvety turf everywhere covering the ground. This rich land is overflowed by the Cunéne nearly every year in the rainy season, and parts of it are at all times somewhat marshy; but it is, nevertheless, completely separated from the real bed of the Cunéne, which is level, almost without trees, and overgrown with marsh plants in the dry season, for at that period the river decreases from three or four miles in breadth to a few hundred yards. These great dried-up marshes are the haunt of many herds of water-loving antelopes, and of numberless wading and aquatic birds. When they lie before you, viewed in



Croque Native

their full extent from some little elevation, they seem to be teeming with life. Groups of pelicans are squatting round each pool of water, a huge saddle-billed stork is walking amongst the tall reeds ; parties of beautiful crowned cranes are apparently holding a conversation over some new species of mollusc, and the discussion is a most excited one. There, quite close to where you are standing, a secretary-bird is demolishing a snake, and making frantic efforts to gulp him all down, whilst marabout storks and fulvous vultures are enquired on the remains of a dead pallah, which, as you can tell by



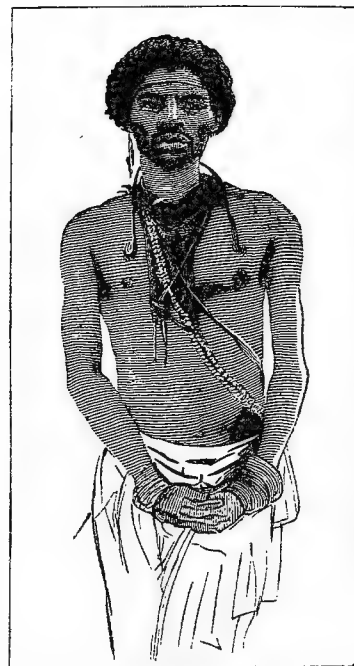
Portrait of Mr. H. H. Johnston, F.Z.S., in Congo Costume

the surrounding spoor, has undoubtedly been killed and half-eaten by a lion the preceding night. Perhaps those are his former companions that are browsing in herds of ten and twenty on the rank grass that grows by the borders of those great lagoons. These lagoons, one of which I illustrate, are sometimes very beautiful. They are shaded by splendid and richly umbrageous trees, and their great unruined stretches of clear water reflect like a glass every detail of the forest above

and around them, and the sky is as clear and unsullied in their depths as it is in reality. On the surface of the stagnant water is a curious floating plant, *Pistia stratiotes*. It is not individually larger than a small lettuce, which it closely resembles in appearance, but, collectively, it forms a vast covering of matted vegetation, apparently shifting with the slightest puff of air from place to place over the lake, and with its intensely vivid verdure contrasting with the more sombre foliage of the trees, and forming a beautiful key-note in what is indeed a harmony of green.

Many a dead tree has fallen by the water-side, and lies there, half-immersed, with its gaunt, bare branches stretching over the lagoon. Here are the favourite perching-places of numbers of water-birds, who find in them an excellent post of observation as far as fish are concerned, whilst they are also well out of the reach of any of the smaller carnivora or snakes who might lurk in the thick grass below. Here are reposing many little cormorants and their first cousins the darters, who have more specialised themselves for the business of fish-catching, or in this case, fish-harpooning, for when that darter, apparently sunk in deep reverie on the topmost bough, makes a sudden flop into the water, he will swim about under the surface, and transfix the fish with the point of his sharp bill—a more artistic mode of pisciculture than the indiscriminate snapping and gulping of the cormorant. Another pretty instance of adaptation to a peculiar mode of life is the little Jacanà, which is found in great abundance on these lagoons. He is a distant relation of the plovers, but his feet bear a misleading resemblance to the water-rails, being extremely large, and adapted to running over the great leaves of the water-plants that float on the surface. In his case it is not the *toes* that are so prolonged, as in the rails, but the claws, which are produced to an enormous length, and enable him to support himself more easily on the swaying leaves. He is a pretty little creature, all chocolate and cream-colour, and his mate is a faded edition of himself.

A thick border of spear-grass shrouds the approach to the Great River, now in its most shrunken condition, but push your way through the thickly-growing reeds and mount a little sandhill, and even yet the Cunéné will appear a fine stream. When you suddenly emerge on the expanse of water and gaze across to the opposite side, you see each sandbank strewn with great, mis-shapen logs, and also dotted with the most dainty water-fowl, sacred Ibises, Squacco herons, and an infinitude of wild geese. But as you watch, you will notice to your surprise, almost to the discredit of your eyesight, that the great and little logs, so prominent on the yellow



Croque Native

white sand, are slowly moving towards the water, and it is only when they disappear with a splash and the wave of a serrated tail, that you realise to yourself that they are actually crocodiles.

The water of the Cunéné is clear and limpid, and is enhanced in brilliancy by the rich foliage of the trees that overhang its banks and clothe its islands, but, beyond the charms of wood and water, it offers nothing in the way of scenery, and the landscapes to the south of it are simply hideous. All that is remarkable is the fine bluff that rises some 500 feet above the river, which the Boers have named Fort Hope, and from which a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained.

Retracing my steps once more coastwards, I bade good-bye to Lord Mayo, then in all the excitement of continuous hunting, and journeyed very slowly back to Mossamedes, in the company of Erikson, one of the greatest African hunters of this or any day. Erikson left Sweden, when he was only nineteen, to join Andersson, the explorer, in the capacity of naturalist. When Andersson died, Erikson, whom he refers to in his books as "my faithful Axel," set up as an elephant hunter, and in the course of some twenty years he has made over 60,000/ out of ivory and ostrich feathers.

On once more reaching Mossâmedes, owing to the delay caused to our progress by carrying the baggage down the Chella Mountains, I lost the mail steamer, which was to have taken me north to Loanda, and, but for the kindness of the Governor of this place, I should have wasted a whole month, but his Excellency, Senhor Matta, offered me a passage in a Portuguese man-of-war, the *Quansa*, which was just leaving for Loanda. We called at Benguella on the way, and I landed and made some sketches in this rather interesting place, which, in point of size, is the second city in Portuguese West Africa. Benguella is a prettier place than either Loanda or Mossâmedes, on account of the vegetation that surrounds and masks the houses. There is a somewhat Eastern or Algerian look about it, and, in spite of its civilisation and police force, the wild things of Nature are very little banished from its precincts. Indeed, the lions in the neighbourhood are a positive pest, and are left pretty unmolested by the Portuguese. The Governor of Benguella said to me, laughing, "Se não mata leões senão quando matam," which may be roughly rendered, "We only kill lions after they have killed somebody." A lion came here one night whilst I was staying at Senhor Vieyra da Silva's house, and prowled about the middle of the town, encountering the Government doctor in his evening ramble, and frightening him severely.

Once more I entered the Bay of Loanda, and its picturesque white houses and red hills rose before me as a haven of rest, to which I always returned after every exploration of savage Africa, sure to find under the roof of our kind Consul that welcome which he accords to all his fellow-countrymen.



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

I caught one of her hands and covered it with kisses.

THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MIDLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &C.

CHAPTER XXVII. (continued)

"MR. SOTHERAN," continued Lady Constance, "is possessed of the most reckless physical intrepidity. I can bear witness to that; and so can Mr. Maxwell, who will remember a certain afternoon on the Friedensberg. But morally I am afraid he is not quite up to the mark. I am afraid he made that speech the other day, not because he believed what he was saying, or supposed that anybody else would believe it, but because he felt bound to drop the customary grains of incense upon the altar of the great British god Humbug."

Mr. Sotheran reddened a little, but made no reply; and the Minister rose to take his leave. Lady Constance was evidently not in an amiable temper. By degrees her visitors decamped, looking more or less pained; only Mr. Sotheran held his ground, and received several broad hints with dogged obtuseness. This disturbed me very little; for I was quite determined to sit him out, and I felt pretty sure that, if he did not soon take the initiative, he would be dismissed with a flea in his ear. Also I derived a malicious pleasure from observation of his extreme anxiety to get rid of me. He looked at the clock, he fidgeted about in his chair, he examined his watch; finally he took to throwing me glances of direct and piteous appeal. Mr. Sotheran had never manifested any jealousy of me—nor, for that matter, of any of Lady Constance's admirers; he regarded me, I believe, as a complete nonentity, and, if he sometimes found me in the way, did not care to show that he did so. His present uneasiness, therefore, could only be accounted for upon the supposition that he had something particular to say to Lady Constance; and that that was in fact the case was presently shown, when she, losing patience, remarked:—

losing patience, remarked :—
 “I see you are looking anxiously at the clock, Mr. Sotheran.
 Pray don't let me detain you if you have other engagements.”

"Pray don't let me detain you if you have other engagements,"

Thus challenged, Mr. Sotheran rose slowly to his feet, and, with an odd mixture of flurry and dignity, opened fire. "I was in hopes Lady Constance, that I might have spoken a word or two to you in private before I went away; but I have no particular objection to Mr. Maxwell's hearing what I have to say. You were pleased, just now, to speak of me before several gentlemen, one of whom is a leading member of the political party to which I belong, in a tone which was calculated—perhaps I may add intended—to bring ridicule and discredit upon me. Now I think you will allow that I am not prone to take offence—"

"What a splendid Lady Constance!"

"It is only common justice to you," interpolated Lady Constance, "to say that you are not."

"But I must be permitted to observe that, if your opinion of me is what your words imply, it is, to say the least of it, strange that you should continue to receive me, and invite me to your house."

The remonstrance was not an unreasonable one in itself; but there was a covert insolence about the manner of its delivery which did not escape me, and which Lady Constance, too, evidently understood. She started up from her chair and took two steps towards the speaker, with a look upon her face which, I frankly

confess, frightened me. Her cheeks, always pale, were as white as marble now; her lips were tightly set; two vertical lines had appeared between her brows, under which her eyes were blazing with concentrated anger. The great coarse man whom she faced shrank away from her like a whipped hound. His height must have exceeded hers by nearly a head; but at this moment she seemed positively to tower above him. For about a minute she stood thus, motionless and silent; then, in a low, clear voice, she spoke :—

But Mr. Sotheran's courage was not equal to the task required of it. He made a desperate effort to assert himself; he tried to look her in the face and failed ignominiously; at last he muttered in a sulky tone, "I suppose you understood what I said."

She disdained to make any rejoinder: With a slight contemptuous movement of her shoulders, she turned away and rang the bell.

Mr. Sotheran made as though he would have spoken, cleared his voice, stood first on one leg, then on the other, struggled ludicrously to recover his equanimity, found that recovery was not possible, and finally, picking up his hat, left the room without a word.

"Indeed you did!" said I. "For the matter of that, you frightened me too. I declare I thought you were going to strangle him."

him." "It was a triumph of spirit over brute force," said Lady Constance sedately. "No, it wasn't," she exclaimed, with a swift change of tone; "it was a ridiculous, melodramatic, degrading scene, and I wish you had not been here to look on at it. I was obliged to suit my weapons to my antagonist, though: you can't kill a rhinoceros with swan-shot."

"Anyhow, you were successful," I remarked. "He won't come back here in a hurry."

"He will come back in a day or two," answered Lady Constance. "At least, I hope he will," she added, with a bitter laugh; "if he doesn't, I shall be driven to send for him."

"because, if he doesn't, I shall be driven to send for him."
 "Don't say that!" I exclaimed; "I can't bear to hear you talk so. Why do you want the man back? You *don't* want him; it is only because you are in need of money, and because you are afraid of the future, that you keep him hanging about you—isn't that it?"

"Why, of course that is it," she replied calmly. "You don't suspect me of being enamoured of Mr. Sotheran's boiled-gooseberry eyes, do you?"

"I don't believe you would marry him if you were starving!" cried. "You deceive yourself—you are always trying to make
If not capable of baseness that is not in your nature. You

yourself out capable of baseness that is not in your nature. You talk as though you would sell yourself to that pitiable fellow, and yet, the moment that he presumes ever so slightly upon his advantage, you are ready to tear him limb from limb. You shall

never marry him while I can help it! And we have not reached starvation point yet. See—I have done what you told me to do." And I dropped the bundle of notes into her lap.

She started, and stared at me for a moment, with parted lips. Then, to my utter astonishment and dismay, she suddenly burst into tears.

I was down on my knees beside her in an instant. I caught one of her hands and covered it with kisses; I poured forth I don't know what incoherent absurdities; I besought her to tell me what agitated her so terribly; I swore that no one should harm her while I was alive to stand between her and misfortune. In short, I talked as arrant nonsense as I suppose that most men would have talked in my place.

She regained her self-control as quickly as she had lost it. She drew away her hand, dried her eyes, and—"There!" said she; "you have seen what you won't see a second time, I think. After all, I am only a woman, and my nerves have been completely upset these last few days. Your kindness has put the finishing touch to it all. You are a dear, good fellow, Charley," she added in a low voice; and as I was kneeling beside her, she passed her hand gently once or twice over my hair, murmuring, "a dear, good fellow—only a very foolish one."

The touch of her fingers seemed to send—for aught I know to the contrary, it *did* send—a succession of electric thrills through me. With my heart beating wildly, I looked up into her face, and saw there an expression of great kindness and gentleness, mingled with just a shade of surprise. "Is it possible," I gasped, "that you can care for me a little?"

"I can't make it out," answered she, with a low laugh; "but it seems to me that I do—a little."

Then, in the midst of my exultation, an odd thing happened to me. The old sensation of angry helplessness which had vexed me at Taormina came back with startling vividness. I seemed to see

myself swept away by a slow, steady current which I ought to have struck out against, but could not; I had an intense momentary longing to shake myself free of this woman, and to say to her, "If

longing to shake myself free of this woman, and to say to her, "I am to love you, it shall be by my own will, not by yours." All this passed away directly; perhaps it may have been rather an

effect of memory than of any present volition. It did not prevent me from protesting my rapture, my gratitude, my unalterable devotion, while Lady Constance, listening silently, continued to stroke my hair.

However, such soft moods were hardly in accordance with her temperament, nor—for some reason which I can't explain—was I

temperament, nor—for some reason which I can't explain—was I altogether sorry when she resumed her ordinary demeanour. She rose, gathering up the bundle of notes, and moved away a few paces. I, too, scrambled up from my knees, feeling, to tell the

"Do you know, Charley," said Lady Constance presently, "I am sure that you would take me at my word. I was sure that you

"But you did want it, didn't you?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh," she exclaimed, drawing a long breath, "if you only knew how I wanted it! I wanted it so much that yesterday I very nearly fell into the jaws of Mr. Sotheran. He would have gobbled me up this very afternoon, I believe; but you came, like Perseus, and the monster fled. It was I who showed him Medusa's face, though," she added, laughing.

"Thank Heaven, you did!" I ejaculated piously. "You won't let him come back again now, will you?"

She made no immediate reply. "This may tide me over into calm water," she said presently in a thoughtful tone. "Have you brought me the whole two thousand?"

I nodded. "And five hundred extra, for luck."

"Poor boy! Well, you have saved me from something worse than death, perhaps, and I shall not go through the form of thanking you. I don't suppose Andromeda thanked Perseus. By-the-bye, what *did* Andromeda do? Do you recollect?"

"She married the hero, and they lived happily ever afterwards," I replied promptly.

"How dull! There is not much chance of the parallel being carried out in our case, however."

"But you said you cared for me a little," I murmured reproachfully.

"Is that a reason? Don't you think that, if I cared for you a great deal, I should hand you back your money and turn you out of the house? But we won't dwell on that ugly thought. It is enough that you can't possibly afford to marry me now. Whether you will be able to afford it some day, and whether, when you can afford it, you will do it—the answer to both of these questions depends, I imagine, entirely upon yourself."

I did not say much in reply; but I reflected with comfort, both then and as I walked home afterwards, that my fortunes depended no longer upon any action or abstention of mine, but upon the circumstance, which must reach my uncle's ears sooner or later, that down at Richmond there dwelt a queer little being named Jimmy Le Marchant.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I LOSE ALL FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE

THAT natural discontent with what has been attained to which it is said that we owe all the greatest deeds that have been done by the greatest men since the word began may possibly account for the fact that I was very little happier after the scene described in the last chapter than I had been before. I had, it is true, gained something like an avowal of affection from Lady Constance, and something a little less like a pledge; but these things failed to satisfy me. I asked myself disconsolately what the end of it all was to be, and could only reply that I had not the most remote idea. All that seemed certain was a prolongation of uncertainty.

It must be added, too, that Lady Constance's behaviour was not of a kind to encourage sanguine expectations. Either because she was afraid that, in a moment of sudden emotion, she had committed herself too deeply, or else out of sheer caprice, she took the first opportunity of convincing me that, whatever privileges I might have acquired as a result of our conference, those of an accepted lover were not among them. The next time that we met she was neither more nor less friendly than she had been all along; for some days afterwards she was careful to avoid being left alone with me; and when, by patient manoeuvring, I did succeed in procuring a brief private interview, she would talk about nothing but topics of general interest. I, on my side, shrank from seeming to claim any reward for services rendered; and besides, the great power which she exercised over me both made me acquainted with her wishes and prevented me from running counter to them.

And so insensibly we dropped back into the old groove. As the season went on and my list of acquaintances became enlarged, I went more and more into society, and found no difficulty in obtaining invitations to all the houses where Lady Constance was likely to be encountered:—which was a satisfaction as far as it went. She herself entertained a good deal, giving constant little dinners, to which I enjoyed a standing right of admission, and which were graced by the presence of various distinguished persons. Mr. Sotheran returned to his allegiance, as she had predicted that he would do, having, I presume, purchased pardon by some process of unconditional surrender, and his white waistcoat offended my eyes nearly every time that I presented myself in Hill Street. Knowing, as I did, that he was there as a reserve force, and feeling that in that capacity he might at any moment become formidable, I developed a strong dislike for him, which every now and again found articulate expression; but as he never deigned to notice these attacks, and as it was certain that I should not succeed in dislodging the intruder by rudeness, I ended by accepting him, as I accepted many other inevitable and distasteful things.

Hardly a day passed at this time that I did not run down to the cottage at Richmond, where I was always made welcome, and where my cousin's sympathy and encouragement were a great comfort to me. I had established thoroughly friendly relations with Paulina and Jimmy, the former of whom decidedly improved upon acquaintance. When she was at her ease, and discoursed in the vulgar tongue natural to her, she was by no means a disagreeable, and at times rather an amusing companion. Her love for her husband, though it often manifested itself in a querulous guise, was evidently deep and sincere, and the outbreaks of temper at which Harry had hinted never took place in my presence. That they did occur at other times was, unfortunately, beyond a doubt; for Jimmy met me one day with a fine black eye, for which he accounted by announcing in a matter-of-course way that mother had pitched a lump of coal at him the night before. "Father said he'd give her the stick, though, if she did it again," added the little man, with unfilial glee.

I was bound to say that Paulina showed signs of great contrition and embarrassment after this untoward incident, and I was glad to see that she was at least ashamed of having been found out; though I looked in vain for any change in her behaviour towards her victim. Truth to tell, there was no love lost between the mother and child; and this was perhaps the least satisfactory feature in Harry's domestic concerns. Paulina seldom spoke of her son by any other name than "that brat," and Jimmy informed me, with that simplicity of language which distinguished him, that he hated his mother like poison. Upon my rebuking him, he put it to me whether I should hate any one who pulled my hair and banged my head against the wall; a query which I evaded ignobly by asking him if he had never heard of the Fifth Commandment. He replied that he had; but that father didn't think much of the Ten Commandments, adding triumphantly, "And no more do I. I don't think much of the Bible at all. Father never reads his Bible, and Mother says he'll be sorry for it after he's dead; but I don't believe it, because she reads hers and it don't make her any better. She's a regular bad one—blow me tight if she ain't!"

I endeavoured to point out to him that his logic was faulty, and that he really must not say "blow me tight;" but he answered that the boys down at the river made use of the expression, and proceeded to run over a string of far more objectionable flowers of speech which he had culled from the same prolific soil.

All this, together with Jimmy's remarkable precocity, seemed to render it highly desirable that he should be sent to school as soon as might be; but Harry paid very little heed to the representations which I took the liberty to make upon this point; and one can't very well tell a man that neither he nor his wife are suitable company for their own child. I could only hope that better times were

in store for all three of them, little as they appeared to contemplate or desire any change of circumstances.

Once I broached the forbidden subject of Harry's possible return home to Paulina; and was surprised to find her strongly opposed to any such scheme. "He don't want to see his father again," she affirmed. "Anyhow, he says he don't; and Lord knows I don't want him to! He's very well as he is, in my opinion. But one thing I'm determined on—if ever he goes to Norfolk, I go with him!"

I said I sincerely hoped she would: whereupon she turned on me with an angry gleam in her eyes, declaring that she knew very well what I meant when I spoke in that polite voice, and that she was not going to be talked out of her rights. "Harry can't say but what I've been a good and obedient wife to him; though he does try me so at times that I can hardly keep my hands off his face. I'll do whatever he tells me to do, good or bad, and he may go away and travel for months, without so much as leaving an address, and I shan't make no complaint; but to be pensioned off and told to stand o' one side after all these years is what I'll not submit to—that's flat!"

I was unable to convince her that no such sacrifice would be required of her—perhaps, in my heart of hearts, I was not quite convinced of it myself—and, perceiving that she could not be enlisted as an ally, I thought it better to let the subject drop.

But Mrs. Le Marchant was not often so aggressively disposed. Once or twice I hired a boat and took the whole family out on the river, and it was upon these occasions that Paulina appeared to enjoy herself most. Living the secluded life that she did, even those unexciting jaunts were a treat to her; and it was pathetic to see how, at such times, she would try to attract her husband's notice by an assumption of that sprightliness which may have possessed charms for him in former years, but which, it must be owned, did not sit very gracefully upon a person of her age and figure.

Harry responded to these efforts by blank silence, by faint smiles, occasionally by an ironical word or two which brought flames into Paulina's eyes and cheeks. I wondered sometimes whether he knew what he was doing, or whether he was merely what he appeared to be, good-humouredly indifferent. Certainly I never heard him speak harshly to his wife, despite the provocation which she often gave him in her anger.

It was about the middle of July when an incident occurred which compelled me to modify in an important particular the estimate that I had formed of my cousin's character. Walking up from the station towards Harry's house one evening, and turning a corner sharply, I ran full tilt against a veiled lady, whose form and gait seemed somehow familiar to me. I apologised, and probably should have passed on without taking any further notice of her, if she had not started so violently as to invite closer scrutiny. It then became clear to me that I was in the presence of no less a person than Mrs. Farquhar. Great as my surprise was, it was altogether surpassed by her confusion; and from the agitated and eager manner in which she hastened to inform me that she had been to see her friend Mrs. Macpherson, who had taken a house at Richmond for the summer, I could not but perceive that the old lady was not telling the truth—or, at all events, not the whole truth. It was no part of my duty to set her more at her ease, so I asked her whether she didn't find two thick veils rather stifling in the dog-days. But Mrs. Farquhar was not a woman to be put out of countenance for many minutes. She answered that veils were more necessary in summer than in winter, on account of the dust; and then turned the tables upon me by saying, "And pray what may you be doing here?"

"I also am on my way to visit a friend," I replied.

"Ay, ay," said she; "you will have plenty of friends here, I dare say. They tell me that Richmond is a favourite resort of people of—doubtful reputation."

"Dear me! you don't allude to Mrs. Macpherson surely," I observed.

"I'm talking of *your* friends, not mine," returned Mrs. Farquhar severely. "Since we have met, I may just avail myself of this opportunity to tell you that I hear strange accounts of your friends."

Considering that Mrs. Farquhar and I had parted twelve months before upon the most affectionate terms, this looked very like an open declaration of hostilities, and I had no doubt in my own mind that she had decided upon once more rejecting me in favour of Harry, and had just visited him in order to make known her intentions. It so happened that I asked for nothing better than such a change of front; while, as for any feelings of animosity that Mrs. Farquhar might harbour against me, I was more curious to learn the cause of them than troubled by the fact of their existence.

"Will you explain yourself?" I asked blandly.

"To be sure I will," she answered, without a moment's hesitation. "That Lady Constance Milner whom you picked up, or rather who picked you up, abroad is not what I would call a safe friend for a young man."

"But perhaps you don't know very much about her," I took leave to suggest.

"I know more than you think," retorted Mrs. Farquhar, nodding a flowery bonnet at me impressively. "I'm an old woman, and I don't see much of society; but I have acquaintances who are better informed than myself, and when I make inquiries about your Lady Constance, what do I find? Why, that she is just one of those ladies whom decent people don't care to visit."

"Really, Mrs. Farquhar," I said, "your informants appear to be rather rash in their statements. Lady Constance Milner is the sister of Lord Rossan, who was my chief at Franzenshöhe; she is pretty well known in what is called good society, and this is the first time that I have heard a word breathed against her character."

"Am I speaking of her character?" returned Mrs. Farquhar, not in the least abashed. "She may have a character or she may have none; I'm willing to give her the benefit of the doubt. What I said was that decent people don't care to visit her, and to that I stick. Moreover, I know that she has run through all her money, and won't scruple to run through yours, if ever she gets the chance. Now I think I have explained myself, and as I have to find a fly and drive down to the railway, I'll wish you good evening."

I certainly could not complain of any want of explicitness on Mrs. Farquhar's part, and I thought I would not pursue the topic. In common civility I could do no less than offer to fetch a fly for her, and she said I might do that, if I liked.

"I wonder Mrs. Macpherson did not think of sending you down in her carriage," I remarked, just by way of letting her see that I knew very well where she had been last.

"Mrs. Macpherson does not keep a carriage," Mrs. Farquhar replied, an obstinate look coming over her face, which I took to mean that wild horses should not drag any compromising revelations from her. "I'll just sit down on yonder bench and wait for you," she added, suiting the action to the word; and when I had performed my errand she bade me goodbye, saying that she would tell my uncle that she had seen me.

"Do, Mrs. Farquhar," I answered; "and tell him at the same time that my friends at Richmond are not bad people, though I must confess that they are not in society. Lady Constance Milner, as perhaps you know, lives in London, and notwithstanding the testimony of your informants, I must continue to believe that decent folks visit her."

"Keep your opinion, and I'll keep mine," rejoined Mrs. Farquhar. "We shall see who is right, if we live long enough." With which she told the coachman to drive on, and was presently lost to sight.

I proceeded thoughtfully on my way towards Clarence Cottage, feeling that a crisis was at hand, and by no means sorry for it. Nothing but an unequivocal crisis could disentangle the threads of my present and future life; it would be a clear gain, too, to be freed from the various engagements of secrecy which I had permitted to be imposed upon me, and which I had found very irksome of late in more ways than one.

"So you have had a visit from Mrs. Farquhar," I said to Harry, whom I found leaning over his garden gate.

"I have a visit from Mrs. Farquhar!" he ejaculated, removing his cigar from his lips, and staring at me in blank amazement. "From my reverend grandmother, do you mean? What on earth are you talking about?"

I was so positive as to the fact that it had never occurred to me to suppose that Harry would deny it, and I was a good deal offended by the apparent want of confidence shown in his reply. "I have just seen and spoken to her," I said, in an aggrieved tone.

"Well?"

"Well; I took it for granted that she had been here."

"But she didn't tell you so, I presume?" observed Harry, smiling.

"She didn't tell me so, certainly; but I felt no doubt whatever upon the subject; and, to tell you the honest truth, I feel none now."

"You are not complimentary," Harry remarked.

"You haven't said yet that she has not been here," I answered, bluntly. "If you do, of course I shall believe you."

Harry laughed outright. "You seem to think I have a very pretty talent for prevarication," said he. "I assure you the old lady hasn't been to see me. In years gone by she used to arrange meetings with me from time to time, and she was always good for a tinner, which was very convenient. But since your star has been in the ascendant she has dropped me like a hot coal. I gave up writing to her as a bad job ever so long ago."

After that, I could only congratulate myself upon my prudence in not having mentioned Harry's name to Mrs. Farquhar, as indeed I had been upon the point of doing. I told him of this, and he whistled, remarking that it might have been rather awkward if I had let the cat out of the bag. "Not that the old lady would have been likely to pay me a call; still, she might have taken it into her head to do so, and I don't care to let her know that I am married, you see."

"My dear fellow, that's the very thing you ought to let her know!" I cried. "It's the very thing that would make all the difference to you, if you would only consent to let my uncle hear of it."

But Harry answered, with some impatience, that we had already discussed that question, and were not likely to agree about it; and, after we had speculated a little upon the cause of Mrs. Farquhar's obvious embarrassment on being recognised by me, we began to talk about other matters.

"Whom do you suppose Charley saw this afternoon, Paulina?" said Harry, when we went into the house. "Why, my old grandmother. He made up his mind at once that she had been to pay us a visit, and I had some trouble in persuading him to believe that we hadn't been honoured so far."

"I don't know about honour," grumbled Paulina sullenly. "She hasn't been here, that's certain; and for the matter of that, I don't want her here—nor yet any of them."

Now, after all this, my stupefaction at what followed will, I think, be considered excusable.

I had taken my leave, and was walking down the hill, when a pattering of small feet behind me caused me to look round, and Jimmy, breathless and excited, dashed up to me. "Oh, Cousin Charley," he gasped, "have you heard the news? Such a funny old woman has been to see us, and she says she's my great-grandmother. She talked to father ever so long, and she cried—oh, my! how she did cry! And she gave me this," concluded Jimmy triumphantly, holding up a bright sovereign.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed, "this really does beat everything. Jimmy," I went on feebly, "there must be some mistake. Are you sure—quite sure—that the old woman saw your father?"

Jimmy nodded repeatedly. "I should just think she did!" said he. "You ought to have seen her cry! Isn't it very silly for grown-up people to cry? And father kissed her, and so did mother, and so did I, when she gave me the quid, and—" But here he suddenly broke off, and put his forefinger in his mouth with a look of apprehension. "P'raps it's a secret, though," he said. "Do you think it's a secret, Cousin Charley?"

"Eh?—what?—a secret? Oh, yes, I should think it is. Sure to be!" answered I, endeavouring to collect my scattered wits.

"My wig! I say, you won't let on about my telling you?" said Jimmy, evidently much alarmed.

"No, I won't let on," I answered. "I don't suppose you'll say anything about it at home either."

"No fear!" returned the urchin, shaking his head. Then he said he must go, and withdrew in a sober and chastened mood.

I don't know whether he would have been shocked at hearing that his father had told me a monstrous falsehood; probably not. But in any case it seemed best to keep that knowledge from him. As for me, I felt that my faith, not in Harry only, but in humanity at large, had received a crushing blow. "If he had at least had the grace to look a little ashamed of himself," I thought indignantly, "it would have been something; but to lie in that unblushing way—it was enough to bring the roof down upon him! And Paulina too!—she was just as bad. Oh, Ananias and Sapphira couldn't hold a candle to them! Well; one lives and learns; I shall never believe in man, woman, or child again."

However, I did Jimmy the justice to remember that he, at least, had been no party to the fraud. I was so disgusted with his ungrateful and untruthful parents that, if it had not been for him, I would have washed my hands of them then and there, being now quite convinced that they were not worthy of the sacrifice which I had contemplated making for their sake.

(To be continued)

THE CALCUTTA EXHIBITION BUILDINGS are now sufficiently advanced to give a fair idea of their definitive appearance. The main building is the Indian Eastern Court, which is on the west side of the Maidan, facing the Museum, and as it is 700 feet long and 100 feet broad, it will prove a good promenade. Three lines of railway will run along the grounds here, and close by will be a bazaar for the sale of Indian goods. Kiosks, a band-stand, and a diorama of the Crimean War will also occupy the neighbouring grounds, so as to form a pleasant evening resort, illuminated with the electric light. On the other side of the road the Imperial Museum will be used for the various ceremonies and scientific entertainments, and passages have been opened, connecting the Museum with the annexes of Great Britain, the Australian Colonies, and the foreign Courts in general. Further along will be the Gem Room for the valuable loans from Indian Princes. One native curiosity, from Rajshahi, has been politely declined—a man with a horn in his forehead, as it was difficult to classify such a specimen. In most cases the exhibiting space is decidedly overcrowded, while the Australian Colonies have come to the front splendidly. The principal difficulty is the accommodation of visitors, and Government has erected a kind of wooden camp near the Cathedral for those members of the Service who have been invited to Calcutta.

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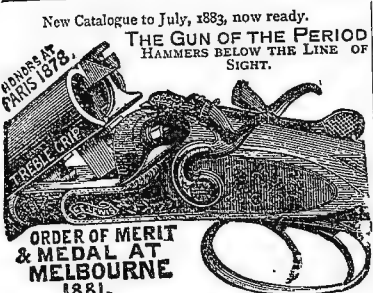
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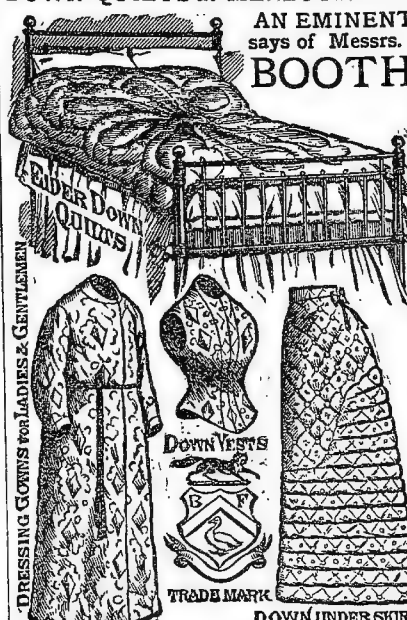
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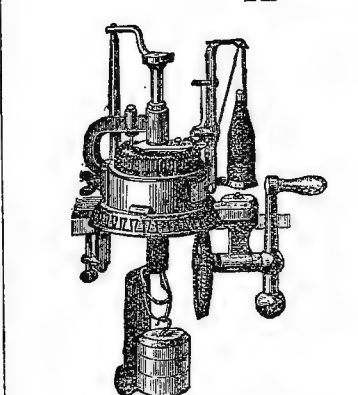
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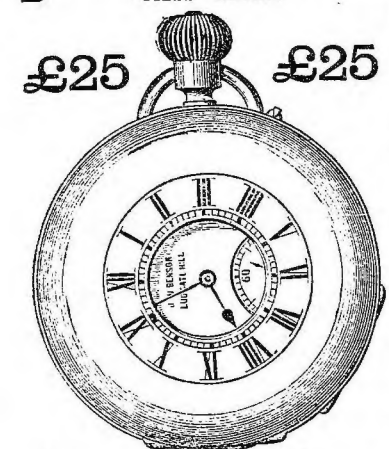
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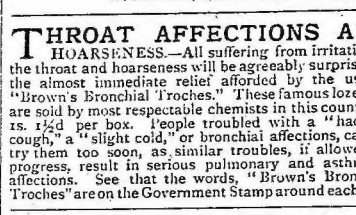
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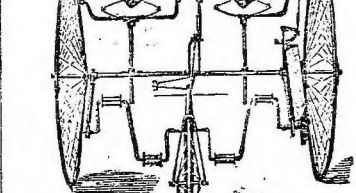
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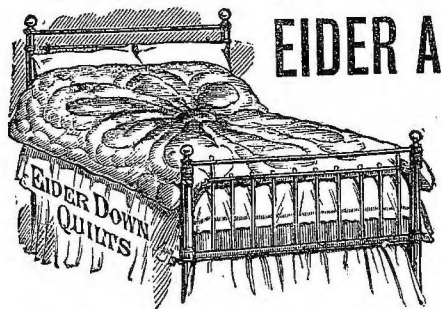
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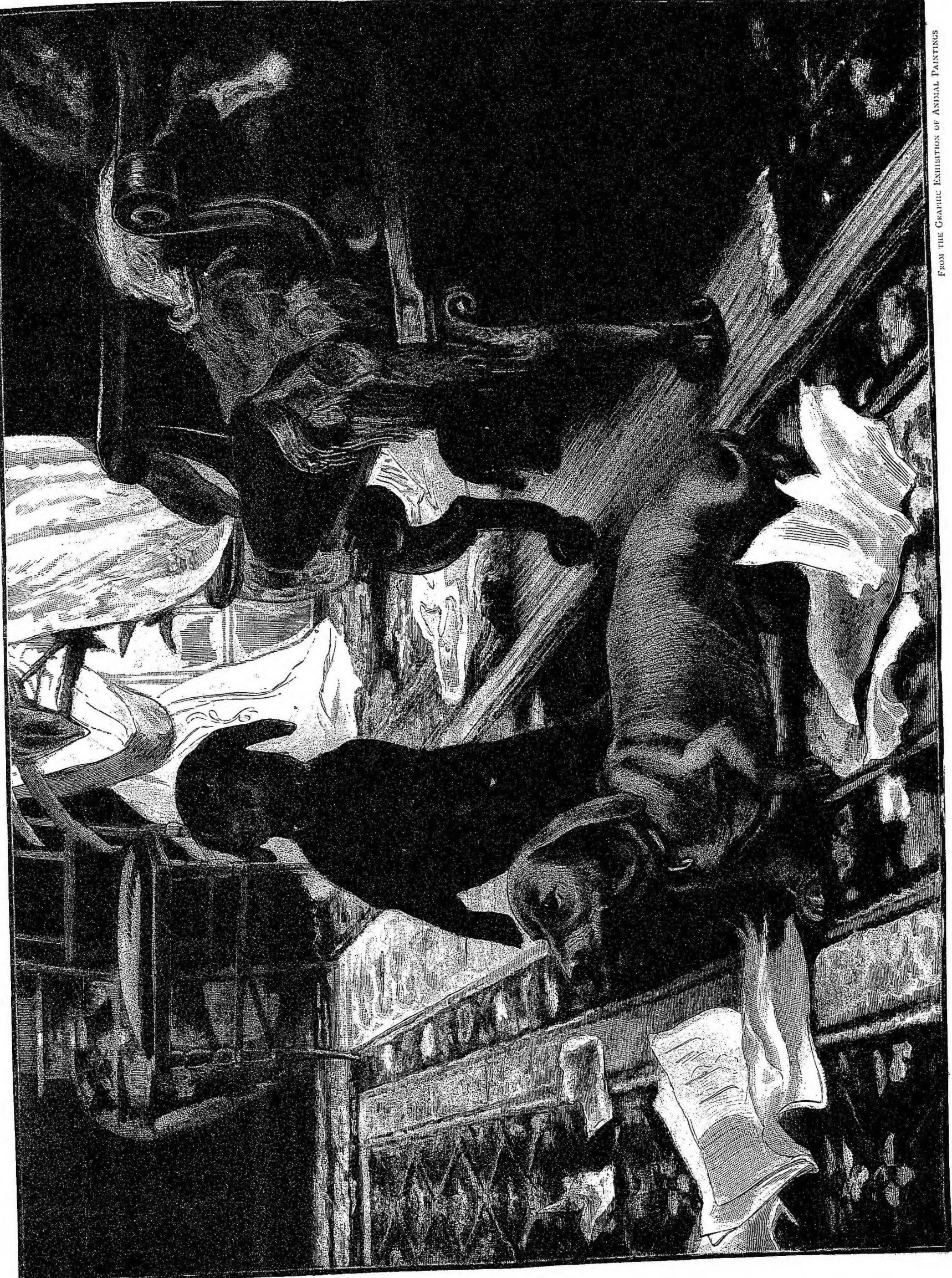
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